

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Burns.

Andantino.

Voice.

Words and Music

WITH

Piano or Organ Accompaniments.



TORONTO, ONT.

Whaley, Royce & Co.

158 Yonge Street

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Burns.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

1. O my
Till—

love is like a red, red rose That's newly sprang in June; My love is like a mel-o-dy That's
a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry, And I will love thee still, my dear, Till

sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So— deep in love am I; And
a' the seas gang dry. 2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; And
3. But fare thee weel, my on-ly love, And— fare thee weel a' while; And

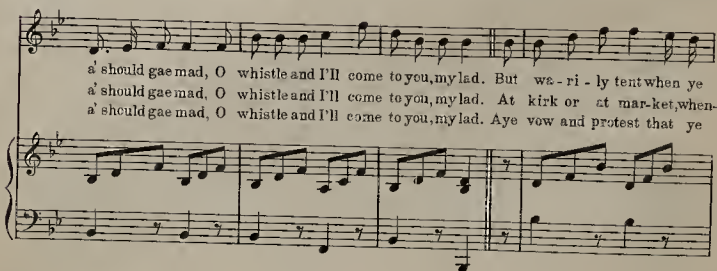
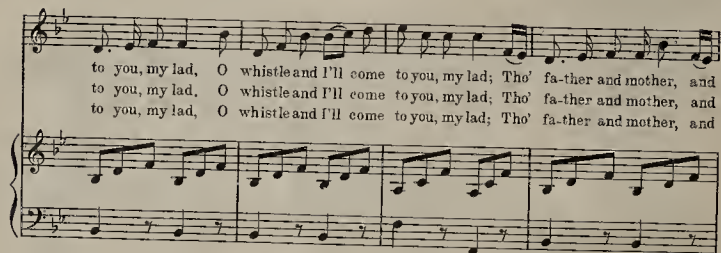
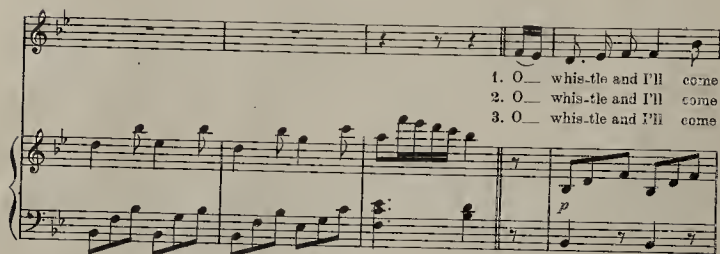
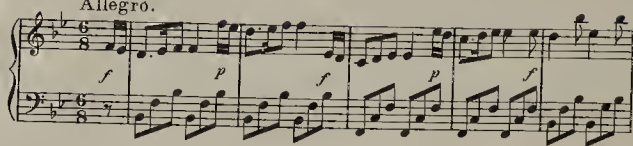
I will love thee still, my dear, Till— a' the seas gang dry.
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.
I will come a-gain, my love, Tho'— twere twenty thousand miles.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Burns.

Allegro.

Piano.



Je
Joc
Johi
Kelvi.

Laird
Land c'
Lass o' G
Lass o' Pa
Last May a

come to court me, And come na un-less the back yett he a jee; Syne up the back style and let
e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie; But steal me a blink o' your
care na for me, And whyle ye may licht-ly my beau-ty a wee; But court na an-ith-er, tho'

nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye were na com-in' to me. O whistle and I'll come
tonnie blackeè, Yet look as ye were na look-in' at me, Yet look as ye were na
jok-in' ye he, For fear that she wyle your fan-cy frae me, For fear that she wyle your

to you, my lad,
look-in' at me, } O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad, Tho' fa-ther and mother and
fan-cy frae me.

a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN.

Voice. *Moderato.*

1. 'Twas with-
3. But—

Piano.

1. in a mile of Ed-in-bo-ro' town, In the ro-sy time of the
2. Jockie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol-lowed the
3. when he vow'd he wad make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not

year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And
lass; Con-tent-ed she earn-ed and ate her brown bread, And
few, She gied him her hand and a kiss be-side, And

each shepherd wad his dear. Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and gay,
mer-ri-ly turned up the grass. Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and free,
vow'd shed for ev-er be true. Bon-nie Jockie, blythe and free,

59

Kiss'd young Jen - ny mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na,
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na,
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na,

na, it win - na do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maunna buck - le to."

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho, The
 2. The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho, The
 3. The Campbells are com - in', o - ho, o - ho, The

Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Loch-le-ven; The
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Loch-le-ven; The
Campbells are com-in', o - bo, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Loch-le-ven; The

Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, — Up -
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. Great Ar - gyle, — he goes be - fore, — He
Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho. The Campbells they — are a' in arms, Their

on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, and
makes the cannons and guns to roar; Wi' sound o' trum-pet, pipe, and drum, The
ley - al faith and truth to show; Wi' han - ners rat - tlin' in — the wind, The

saw — three bon - nie pip-ers play.
Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.
Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

11

Burns.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Is there for honest
2. What though on hamely

po-v-er-ty That hangs his head, an' a' that? The cow-ard slave we pass him by, We
fare we dine, Wear hood-in-grey, a' that, Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A

daur be puir for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob-scure, and
man's a man for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Their tin-sel show and

a' that, The rank is but the gui-neas stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.
a' that, The hon-est man, though ne'er sae puir, Is king o' men for a' that.

3. A king can mak' a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his micht,

Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

Their dignities, and a' that,

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,

Are higher ranks than a' that.

4. Then let us pray that come it may,

As come it will, for a' that,

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,

May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

It's comin' yet, for a' that,

When man to man, the world o'er,

Shall brethren be for a' that.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

Burns.

Allegro.

Voice.

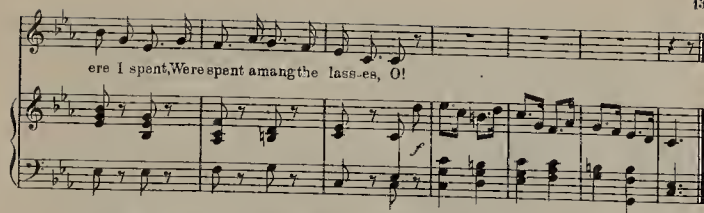
Piano.

1. There's
2. The
3. Gie

nought but care on ev-ry han', In ev-ry hour that pass-es, O! What
 ward-ly race may rich-es chase, An' rich-es still may fly them, O! An'
 me a can-tie hour at e'en, My arms a-bout my dear-ie, O! - An'

sig-ni-fies the life o' man, An'twere na' for the lass-es, O!
 though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en-joy them, O!
 ward-ly cares and ward-ly men May a' gae tap-sal-tee-rie, O! }

Green grow the rash-es, O! Green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that



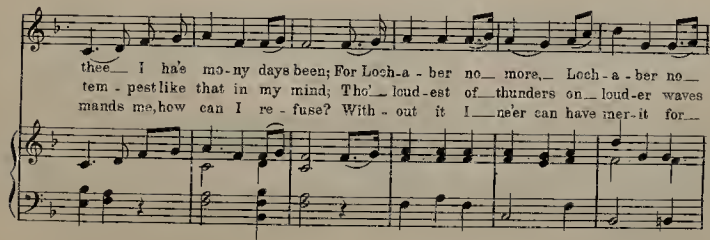
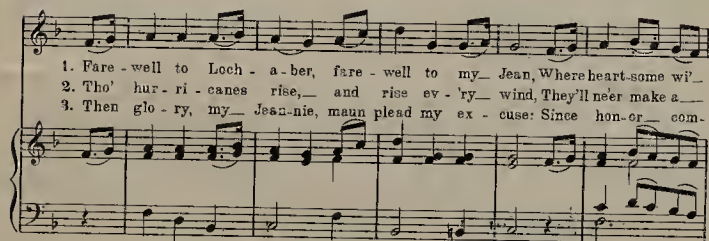
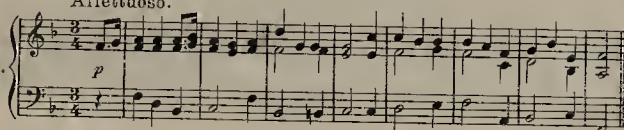
4. And you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lo'd the lasses, O!
Green grow the rushes, O! etc.

5. Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest works she classes, O!
Her 'prentice nan' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow the rushes, O! etc.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

Affettuoso.

Piano.



more, We'll may-be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no__ more. These tears that I
 roar, There's naeth-ing like leav-ing my love on the shore. To leave thee be-
 thee; And los-ing thy fa-vour, I'd bet-ter not__ be. I gae, then, my

shed they are a' for my dear, And__ no__ for the dan - gers at__
 hind me, my heart is sair pain'd, But by ease that's in - glo - rious no__
 lass, to__ win hon - our and fame; And__ if__ I should chance to__ come

tend-ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a__ far dis - tant__
 fame can be gain'd; And beau - ty and love's the re - ward of the__
 glo-rious - ly__ hame, I'll__ bring a heart to thee with love run - ning

shores, May - he to__ re - turn to Loch - a - ber no__ more.
 brave: And I maun de - serve it be - fore I can crave.
 o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Loch - a - ber no__ more.

BRAW, BRAW LADS.

15

Burns.

Larghetto.

Voice.

1. Braw, braw lads on
2. But there is ane, a
3. Al-though his dad - die

Piano.

The first system of music features a voice part and a piano accompaniment. The voice part is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

Yar - row braes, Ye wan - der thro' the bloom - ing hea - ther, But
se - cret ane, A - boon them a' I lo'e him bet - ter, And
was nae laird, And though I hae - nae mei - kle - toch - er, Yet

The second system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some ties. The piano accompaniment continues with its chordal texture in the right hand and eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

Yar - row braes nor Et - trick shaws Can match the lads o' Ga - la Wa - ter.
I'll be his, and he'll be mine, The bon - nie lad o' Ga - la Wa - ter.
rich in kind - est, tru - est love, We'll tent our flocks by Ga - la Wa - ter.

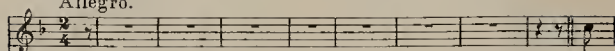
The third system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a more melodic feel with some ties. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

The fourth system of music is the final system on the page. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

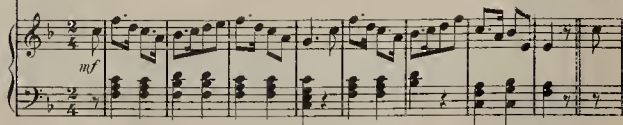
Allegro.

Voice.



1. And
2. Rise
3. There

Piano.



are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to
up and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muck-le pot; Gie lit-tle Kate her
are twa hens up - on the bank, Hae fed this month and mair, Mak' haste and throw their

talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to
cot - ton gown, And Jock his Sun-day coat; And mak' their shoon as
necks a - bout, That Co - lin weel may fare: And spread the ta - ble

talk o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And
black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw; Its a' to please my aingudeman, For
neat and clean, Gar il - ka thing look braw; For wha can tell how Co-lin fared, When

see him come a - shore,
he's been lang a - wa'. } For there's nae luck a - bout the house There's
he was far a - wa'. }

nae luck at a, There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When

our gudeman's a - wa'.

4. Come, gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown;
And rin and tell the Ballie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Turkey-slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, etc.

5. The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirled through my heart,
They've a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!
For there's nae luck, etc.

6. Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc

O, SAW YE MY WEE THING?

Andante espressivo.

Piano.

1. O, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?
 2. I saw na your wee thing, ! saw na your ain thing, Nor
 3. It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing, It

Saw ye my true— love down by yon lea? Cross'd she the mea-dow yes—
 saw I your true— love down by yon lea; But I met a bon-nie thing
 was na my true love ye met by the tree: Proud is her leal heart, an'

treen at the gloamin'? Sought she the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her
 late in the gloamin', Down by the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree. Her
 mod-est her na-ture, She nev-er lo'ed on-y till ance she lo'd me. Her

hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her
 hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white, Dark was the blue o' her
 name it is Ma-ry, she's frae Cas-tle - Ca - ry, Aft has she sat when a

saft roll-ing e'e, Red, red her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ros - es!
 saft roll-ing e'e, Red were her ripe lips, and sweet - er than ros - es,
 burn on my knee; Fair as your face is, wert fif - ty times fair - er, Young

Whar could my wee thing, hae wan-der'd frae me?
 Sweet were the kiss - es that she gae to me.
 brag - ger, shene'er wad gie kiss - es to thee.

4. It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle - Cary.

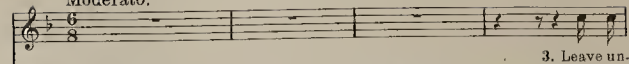
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me, grew
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, dark-red his cheek
 And wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e,
 Ye'e rue sair this morning your boasts and
 (your scorning,
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.


5. Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling;—

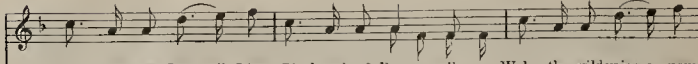
Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lovd' maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
 Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 O, Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to
 (me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

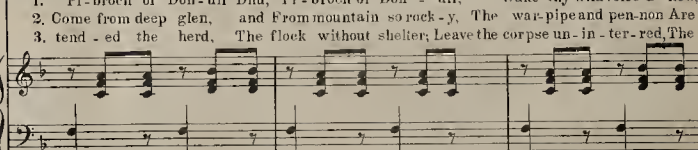
PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

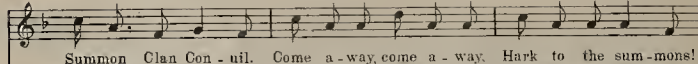
Moderato.

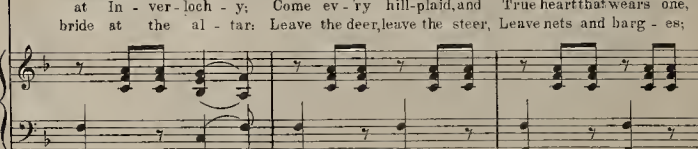
Voice.  3. Leave un-

Piano. 

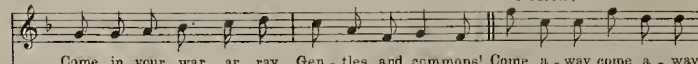
 1. Pi-broch of Don-uil Dhu, Pi-broch of Don - uil, Wake thy wildvoice a - new,
2. Come from deep glen, and Frommountain so rock - y, The war-pipeand pen-non Are
3. tend - ed the herd, The flock without shelter; Leave the corpse un - in - ter - red, The

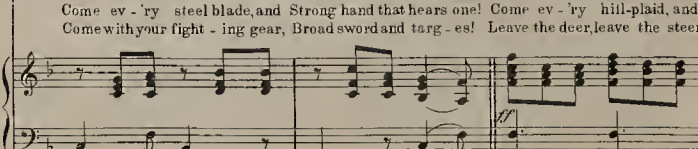


 Summon Clan Con - uil. Come a - way, come a - way. Hark to the sum - mons!
at In - ver - loch - y; Come ev - ry hill-plaid, and True heartthat wears one,
bride at the al - tar: Leave the deer, leave the steer, Leave nets and barg - es;



CHORUS.

 Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and commons! Come a - way, come a - way,
Come ev - ry steel blade, and Strong hand that hears one! Come ev - ry hill-plaid, and
Comewithyour fight - ing gear, Broad sword and targ - es! Leave the deer, leave the steer,



Hark to the sun - mons! Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com - mons!
True heart that wears one, Come ev - ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one!
Leave nets and barg - es; Come with your fight - ing gear, Broadsword and targ - es!

4. Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!
Chorus. — Faster come, etc.

5. Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Fibroch of Donnill Dhu,
Knell for the onset!
Chorus. — Cast your plaids, etc.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Andante moderato.

Piano.

dolce

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your

High - land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
High - land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where

GRASS.

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home, He's
blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my lad-die well, He

gone with streaming ban - ners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's

oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well.

3. Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad,
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.

4. Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain,
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

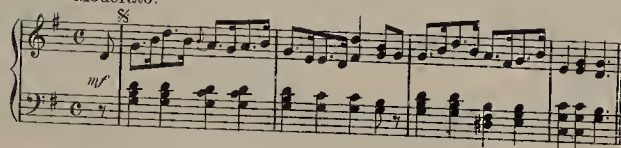
MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

23

BURNS.

Moderato.

Piano.



1. My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy.
 2. Ye pow'r that smile on vir-tuous love, O! sweet-ly smile on some-bo-dy! Frae

The first system shows the vocal melody on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

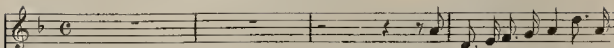
I could wake a win-ter night For the sake o' some-bo-dy. Oh bon, for somebo-dy!
 il-ka danger keep him free, And send me safe my some-bo-dy. Oh bon, for somebo-dy!

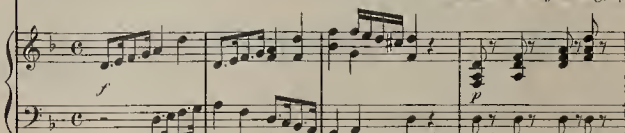
The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its harmonic support with chords and a consistent bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Oh hey, for some-bo-dy! I could range the world a-round For the sake o' somebo-dy.
 Oh hey, for some-bo-dy! I wad do-what wad I not, For the sake o' somebo-dy?

The third system concludes the song with the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a final chord. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

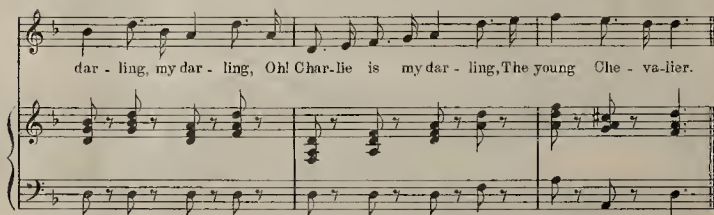
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Voice. 

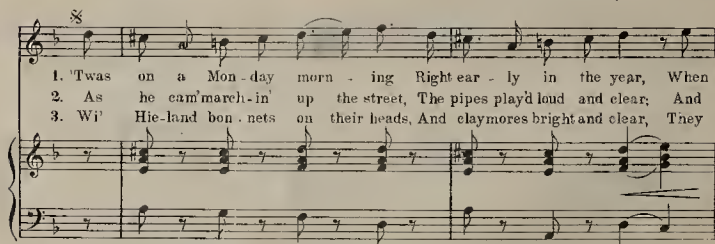
Piano. 

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my

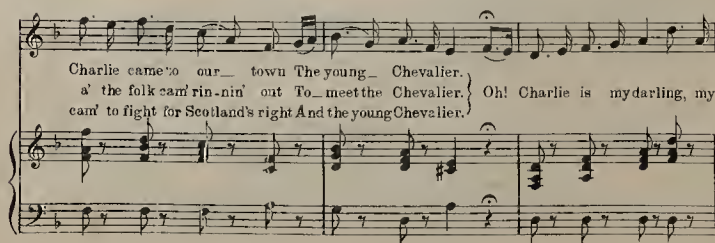
dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier.



1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing Right ear - ly in the year, When
2. As he cam'march - in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And
3. Wi' Hie - land bon - nets on their heads, And claymores bright and clear, They



Charlie came to our town The young Chevalier.
a' the folk cam' rin - nin' out To meet the Chevalier. } Oh! Charlie is my darling, my
cam' to fight for Scotland's right And the young Chevalier.



25

dar - ling, mydar - ling, Oh! Char-lie is mydar - ling, The young Che - valier.

Fine.

4. They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
 The young Chevalier.
 Oh! Charlie, etc.

5. Oh! there were many beating hearts,
 And many a hope and fear;
 And many were the pray'rs put up
 For the young Chevalier.
 Oh! Charlie, etc.

Burns. **O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.**

Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

a' the airts the win' can blaw I dear-ly lo'e the west, Forther the bon-nie las-sie lives, The blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft A-mang the leaf-y trees, Wt' gen-tie gale frae hill and dale Bring'

las-sie I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow and rivers row, And mo-ny a hill be-tween, Baith hame the la-den bees, And bring the las-sie back to me That's aye sae neat and clean; Ae'

day and night my fan - cy's flight Is ev - er wi' my Jean. I
smile o' her wad ban - ish care, Sae love - ly is my Jean. What

see her in the dew - y flow'rs, Sae love - ly, sweet, and fair,
sighs and vows a - mang the knowes Hae passed a - tween us - twa! How

hear her voice in il - ka bird Wha's music charms the air: There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs By
fain to meet, how wa's to part, That day she gaed — a - wa. The pow'r sae oan can on - ly ken To

foun - tain shaw, or green, There's not a bon - nie bird that sings But minds me o' my Jean.
whom the heart is seen, That nae can be sae dear to me, As my sweet love - ly Jean.

Burns.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

27

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

1. John Anderson, my
2. John Anderson, my

jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was
jo, John, We clamb the hill the - gi-ther, And no - ny a cantie day, John, We've had wi' pane a -

brent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are like the snow, Yet - blessings on your
ni-ther, Now we maun tot-ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And we'll sleep the gi-ther

frost-y pow, John Anderson, my jo.
at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Andante moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

2. Her
3. Like

1. Max-well-tonbraes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fas-the dew, And it's
2. brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her—
3. dew on the gow-an ly-ing Is the fa'o'her fai-ry feet; And like

p

there that An-nie Lau-rie, Gie'd me her prom-ise true, Gie'd me her prom-ise
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on— That e'er the sun shone
winds in summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet— Her voice is low and

cresc. *sf* *p*
true, Which ne'er for-got will be;
on, And dark blue is her e'e; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd—
sweet, And she's a' the world to me;

cresc. *sf* *p*

pp ad lib.

29

lay me doon and dee.

colla voce

pp



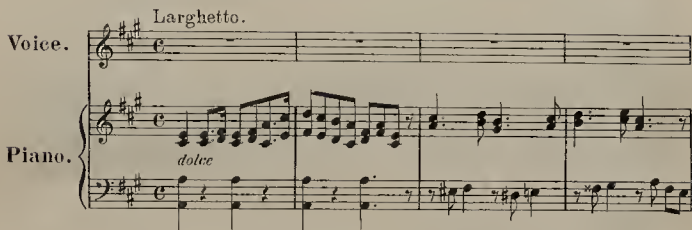
THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

Voice.

Larghetto.

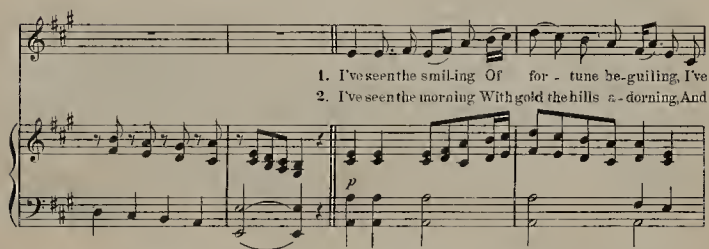
Piano.

dolce

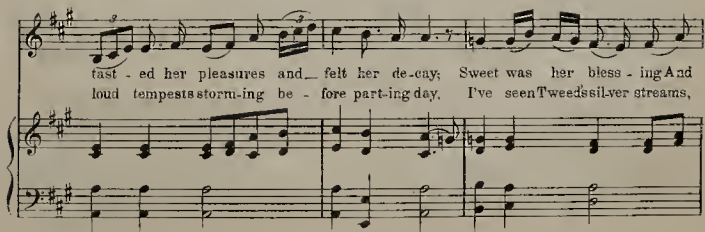


1. I've seen the smiling Of for - tune be - guiling, I've
2. I've seen the morning With gold the hills a - dorn - ing And

p



fast - ed her pleasures and - felt her de - cay; Sweet was her bless - ing And
loud tempests storm - ing be - fore part - ing day, I've seen Tweed's silver streams,



kind her ca-ress-ing, But now they are fled, they are fled far a-way.
Glitt'ring in the sun-ny beams, Growd'rumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

I've seen the for-est A-dorn-ed the fore-most, Wi' flow'rs e' the fair-est baith
O fick-le for-tune! Why this cru-el sport-ing? Oh! why thus per-plex us poor

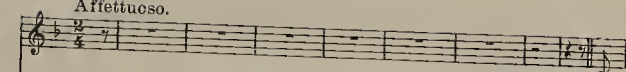
pleasant and gay, Sae bonnie was their bloom-ing, Their scent the air per-fum-ing, But—
sons of a day? Thy frown can-na fear me, Thy smile—can-na cheer me, Since the

now— they are with-er'd and— a' wede a-way.
flow'rs o' the for-est are— a' wede a-way.
dim.

AULD LANG SYNE.

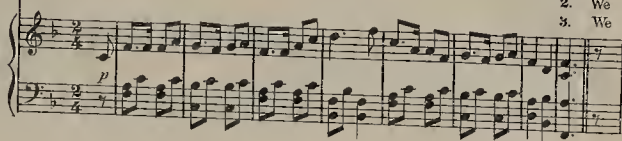
Affettuoso.

Voice.



1. Should
2. We
3. We

Piano.



auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to min? Should auld ac-quaintance
 twa hae run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the go-wans fine; But we've wander'd mony a
 twa hae paid-l't in the burn Frae morning sun till dine; But seas between us

be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 wea-ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne. }
 braid hae roard Sin' auld lang syne.

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

4. And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

5. And surely ye'll be your pint stoop
 As surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, etc.

ALLISTER MACALLISTER.

Voice. *Marcato.*

Piano.

Oh, Al-lis - ter Mac Al-lis - ter, Your chant - er sets us a - a - stoer, Get

out your pipes an' blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High-land fling.

§

1. Now Al-lis - ter has tun'd his pipes, And thrang as bumbees frae their bikes, The
2. The mil-ler Rab was fidg-ing fain, To dance the High-land fling his lare, He
3. As round a - bout the ring hewhuds, 'He cracks his thumbs, and shakes his duds, The

iads and lass - es loup the dykes; An' ga - ther on the green. Oh, —
 lap, he danced wi' might and main, The like was nev - er seen. Oh, —
 meal flew frae his tail in cluds, And blind - ed a' their een. Oh, —

Al - lis - ter Mac Al - lis - ter, Your chant - er sets us a' a - steer, Then

to your bags and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the Highland fling.

4. Neist rackle handed smithy Jock,
 A' blacken'd e'er with coom an' smoke,
 Wi' bletherin bleer-ied Bess did voke,
 That harum scarum queen.
 Oh, Allister, etc.

5. He shook his doublets in the wind,
 His feet like hammers strak the grund;
 The very moudie warts were stunn'd
 Or kenn'd what it could mean.
 Oh, Allister, etc.

6. Now wanton Willie was na blate,
 For he got hand o' winsome Kate;
 "Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
 To dance the Highland fling!"
 Oh, Allister, etc.

7. Now Allister has done his best,
 And weary sturaps are needin' rest,
 Besides wi' drouth they're sair distress'd,
 Wi' dancing sae I ween.
 Oh, Allister, etc.

8. It trow the gauntree got a lift;
 An' round the bickers flew like drift;
 An' Allister that very nicht,
 Could scarcely stand his lane.
 Oh, Allister, etc.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Allegretto con spirito.

Piano.



1. My love she's but a lassie yet, A—
 2. She's neither proud nor saucy yet, She's
 3. I'm jealous o' what blesses her, The—

lightsome lovely lassie yet; It scarce w'd do To sit an' woo Down
 neither plump nor gawky yet; But just a jink-in; Bonnie Blink-in'
 ver-y breeze that kisses her; The flow'ry beds On which she treads, Tho'

by the stream sae glassy yet; But there's a braw time com-in' yet, When
 Hil-ty-skil-ty lassie yet. But O her art-less smile's mair sweet Than
 wae for ane that misses her. Then O to meet my lassie yet, Up—

we maygang a - roam - in' yet, An' hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When
hin - ny or than mar - ma - lete; An' right crwang, Ere it be lang, I'll
in yon glen sae gras - sy yet; For all 'I see Are nought to me Save

fu's the mo - dest gloam - in' yet.
bring her to a par - ley yet.
her that's but a las - sie yet!

HEY, JOHNNIE COPE.

Allegro.

Piano. *marcato*

1. Cope
2. When

sent a chal - lenge frae Dun - bar, — "Charlie meet me an' ye daur, And
Char - lie look'd the let - ter up - on, — Hadrew his sword the scabbard from "Come,

I'll learn you the art o' war, If you'll meet wi' me i' the morn-ing." } Hey!
fol- low me, my mer- ry men, And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morn-ing."

Johnnie Cope, are ye wauk-in' yet? Or are your drums a beat-in' yet? If—

ye were wauk-in' I wad wait, To gang to the coals i' the morning.

3. "Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,
Come, let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frightened bird
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning"
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

4. When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be a-miss
To hae a horse in readiness
To flee awa' i' the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

5. Fye, now, Johnnie, get up an' rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

6. When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speird at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

7. Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in a sie a strait.
So early i' the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

8. "In faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sie flegs,
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' a good morning!"
Hey! Johnnie Cope, etc.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

37

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano) again.

1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the rye,
 2. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the town,
 3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel; But

The first system shows the vocal melody for three lines of the song. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, featuring chords and a steady bass line. The dynamics are *p* (piano).

Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry? Il - ka lassie has her laddie,
 Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy frown? Il - ka lassie has her laddie,
 what his name, or whaur his name, I din - na care to tell. Il - ka lassie has her laddie,

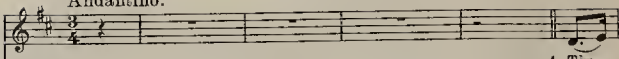
The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chords and a consistent bass line. The dynamics are *p* (piano).


Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
 Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.
 Nane, they say, hae I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me When comin' thro' the rye.


The third system contains the final lines of the song. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo leading to a *mf* (mezzo-forte) section. The dynamics are *cresc.*, *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

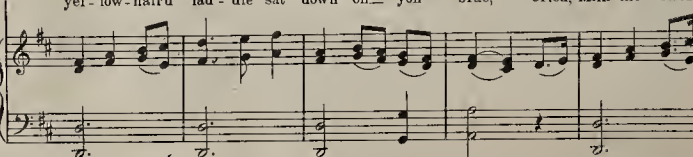
THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

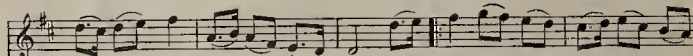
Andantino.

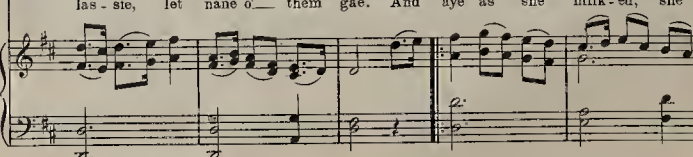
Voice.  1. The—


Piano. 

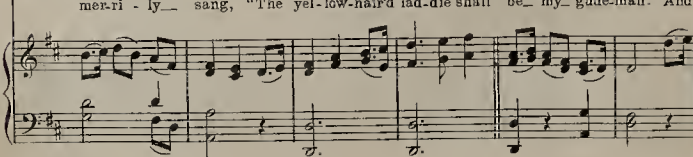
 yel-low-hair'd lad-die sat down 'on— yon brae, Oried, "Milk the ewes,



 las-sie, let nane o'— them gae." And aye as she milk-ed, she



 mer-ri-ly— sang, "The yel-low-hair'd lad-die shall be— my— gude-man." And



2.

be my gudeman."

2. The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin: 3. The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The ewes are new clipped, and they winna bught The cheese is to make, and the butter to kirn,
 They winna bught in, although I should dee; (in- Though butter, and cheese, and a' should gang sour.
 O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me. I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae hauf hour;
 They winna bught in, although I should dee; It's ae lang hauf hour, and we'll e'en make it three.
 O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me. For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Allegretto.

Voice.

1. To the
2. Dun -

Piano.

Lords of Con-vention 'twas Cla-ver-house spoke: Ere the King's crown go dow there are
 dee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the

p

crowns to be broke, Then each cav - a - lier who loves hon - our and me, Let him
drum they are beat, But the provost (douce man) said, "Just éen let it be, For the

fol - low the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, } Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee. }

saddle my horses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its

up w' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

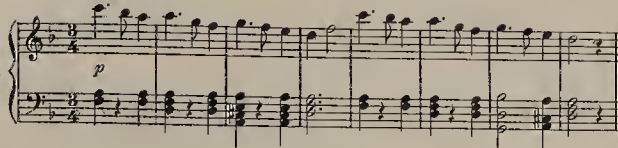
[Forth.

3. There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond 4. Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your
Will cry, "Hae for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!" Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and nie.
Come fill up my cup, etc. Come fill up my cup, etc.

HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Affettuoso.

Piano.



1. Here a - wa', — there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa', —
 2. Win - ter windsblew loud — and cauld at our part - ing; Fears — for my

 The first two lines of the song are set in 3/4 time. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame. Come to my bo - som, my
 Wil - lie brought tears to my ee; Wel - come, now sim - mer, and

 The next two lines of the song continue the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ain on - ly dear - ie, — Tell me thou bringst me my Wil - lie the same.
 wel - come, my Wil - lie, The sim - mer to na - ture, and Wil - lie to me.

 The final two lines of the song conclude the piece. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

(rie,

3. Rest, ye wild storms in the caves of your slumbers; 4. But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nan-
 How your dread howling a lover alarms! Flow still between us, then wide roaring main!
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! May I never see it, may I never throw it,
 And waft my dear laddie once pair to my arms. But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Andante moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Why weep ye by the
2. Now let this wil-fu'

tide, la-dye? Why weep ye by the tide?— I'll wed ye to my
grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, — Young Frank is chief of

young-est son, And ye shall be his bride. And ye shall be his
Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang-ley-dale. His step is first in

bride, la-dye, Sae come-ly to be seen— But aye she loot the tears down fa', For
peace-ful ha' His sword in bat-tle keen— But aye she loot the tears down fa', For

Jock o' Ha-zel - dean.
Jock o' Ha-zel - dean.

mf *dolce*

3. A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

4. The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The taper glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *con espress.* *p*

1. O
2. I
3. O

weel may the boe-tie row, And bet-ter may she speed; O weel may the
cuist my lines in Lar-ge Bay, And fish-es I caught nine; They're three to coast, and
weel may the boe-tie row That fills a heav-y creel, And leads us a' frae

boa-tie row, That wins the bairn's bread. 1. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The
three to boil, And three to hait the line. 2. & 3. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, The
head to feet, And buys our par-ritchmeal.

mf

boa - tie rows fu' weel; And muckle luck at - tend the boat, The nur - lan and the
hoa - tie rows in - deed; And happy be the lot of a' That wish the boatie

creel.
speed.

4. When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan my youthful heart;
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.

5. My kurtch I put upon my bead,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
I trow my heart was dowie and wae
When Jamie gaed awa'
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That has an honest heart.

6. When Sandy, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lea,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be the heart that bears
The merlan and the creel.

7. And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll help to keep us dry and warm
As we did them before:
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairn's bread,
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

HUNTINGTOWER; or "WHEN YE GANG AWA', JAMIE."

45

Andantino.

Piano.



Jeanie. When ye gang a - wa', Jamie, Far a-cross the sea, — lad-die,
Jamie. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeannie, The braw-est in the town, las-sie, And

When ye gang to Ger-ma-nie, What will ye send to me, — lad-die?
 it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Val - en-ciennes set round, las-sie.

Jeanie. That's nae gift awa, Jamie,
 Silk and gowd and a, laddie,
 There's neer a gown in a' the land
 I'd like when ye're awa, laddie.

Jamie. When I come back again, Jeanie,
 Frae a foreign land, lassie,
 I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
 To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

Jeanie. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
 Marry me yoursel', laddie,
 And tak' me ower to Germanie,
 Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

Jamie. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,
 And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

Jeanie. Ye should hae tellt me that in time, Jamie, *Jamie.* Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Ye should hae tellt me that lang syne, Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
 For had I kent o' your fause heart, laddie, Saint Johnstoun's bower and Huntingtower,
 Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie. And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

Jamie. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
 That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
 I couldna help mysel', lassie.

Jeanie. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
 Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
 And I will pray they ne'er may thole
 A braken heart like me, laddie.

Jamie. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
 Grieve uae mair for me, lassie,
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
 And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

Jeanie. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
 Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,
 To be a match for you, laddie.

Jamie. Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
 Saint Johnstoun's bower and Huntingtower,
 And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, then a half note G, and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking and a crescendo (*cresc.*) leading to the vocal entry.

dolce

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked *dolce* and is in 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are: 1. It's Lo-gie o' Buchan It's Lo-gie the Laird, He has ta'en a-wa 2. Though San-dy has ons-en, has gear, and has kye, A house and a 3. My dad-die looks sul-ky, my min-nie looks sour, They flyte up-en

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: Jam-ie that delv'd in the yard; Wha play'd on the pipe and the hadden and sil-ler for-bye; Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his Jam-ie be-cause he is poor; Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: vi-ol sae sma', He has ta'en a-wa Jam-ie, the flow'r o' them staff in his hand, Be-fore I'd hae San-dy wi' hous-es and daughter should do, They're no half sae dear to me, Jam-ie, as

piu mosso

a'. Hesa'd,
land. Say-ing, "Think nae lang, lassie, though I gang a - wa', For I'll come back and
you. Say-ing,)"

see ye, in spite o' them a'.

4. I sit on my creeper and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'es me sae weel;
He had but ae six-pence, he brak' it in twa,
And gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

5. Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and hide na awa'.
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.
Ye said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Allegretto con spirito.

Voice.

Musical score for the 'Blue Bonnets Over the Border' section, starting with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp). The vocal line includes the instruction 'March! march!'.

Piano.

Et-a-rick and Te-viot-dale, Why, my lads, din-na ye march forward in or-der?

March! march! Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale, All the blue bon-nets are

1. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread, flut-ters a-bove your head,
o-ver the bor-der. 2. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing,
3. Trumpets are sound-ing, war-steeds are bound-ing,

Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy then,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;— Come to the crag where the
Stand to your arms, and march in good or-der, Eng-land shall many a day

sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scot-tish gio-ry.
bea-con in blaz-ing, Come with the buck-ler, the lance, and the bow.—
tell of the blood-y fray, When the blue bon-nets came o-ver the bor-der.

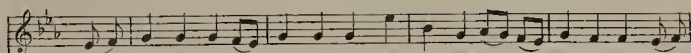
A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

45

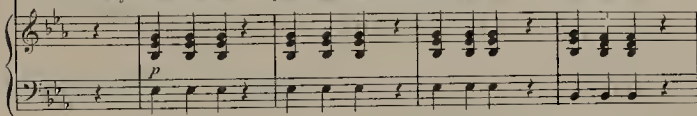
Burns.

Allegro moderato.

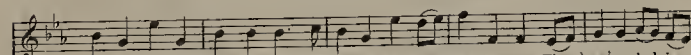
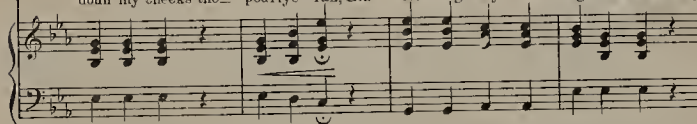
Piano.



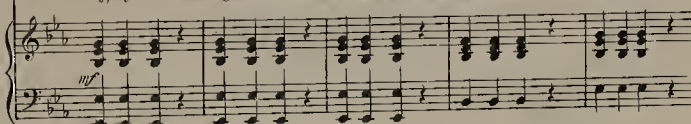
1. A High-land lad my love was born. The Lawland laws he held in scorn; But he
2. With his phil - a - beg and tar - tan plaid, And gude claymore down by his side; The
3. They banished him be - yond the sea; But ere the bud was on the tree, A -



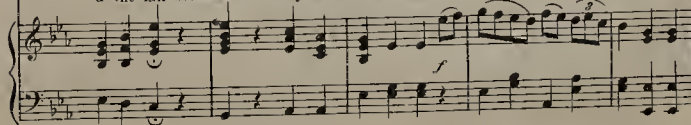
still was faith-ful to his clar, My gal-lant brow John Highland-man. Sing
la-dies' hearts he did tre-pan. My gal-lant brow John Highland-man. Sing
down my cheeks the pearlys ran, Em-brac-ing my John Highland-man. Sing



hey, my brow John Highlandman, Sing he, my brow John Highlandman; There's no a lad in -



'a' the lan' Was match wi' my John Highlandman.



THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Moderato.

Piano. *mf*

1. 'Twas on a sim-mer's af - ter-noon, A wee be-fore the
 2. I — had nae thought to do her wrang, But round her waist my
 3. Soft kiss-es on her lips I laid, The blush up-on her

p

sun gaed down, My las-sie in a braw new gown Can't o'er the hills to—
 arms I flang, And said, my las-sie, will ye gang To see the Carse o'—
 cheeks soon spread, She whisper'd mod-est - ly and said, I'll gang wi' you to—

Gow-rie. The rosebud wut wi' morn-ing show'r Blooms fresh with-in the—
 Gow-rie? I'll tak' ye to my- fa-ther's ha', In yon greenfield be-
 Gow-rie. The auld folk soon gied their con-sent, Syne for Meas John they

sun-ny bow'r, But Ka-tie was the fair - est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in Gow-rie,
side the shaw, And mak'ye la - dy o' them a'- The brawest wif in Gow-rie,
quickly sent, What tied us to our heart's con-tent, And now she's La - dy Gow-rie.

WHAE'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

Allegro.

Piano.

1. The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo - ny
2. The High-land clans wi' sword in hand, Frae Joha o' Groat's to
3. The Low-lands a' baith great and sma', Wi' mo - ny a lord and

fer - lie, For ships o' war hae just come in And land - ed Roy-al Char-lie Come,
Air - lie, Hae to a man de - clar'd to stand, Or fa' wi' Roy-al Char-lie Come,
laird, hae De - clar'd for Scot-land's king and law, An' spier ye wha but Char-lie? Come

thro' the heather, a - round him gather, Ye're a' the wel-com-er ear - ly; A -

round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Char - lie? Come

thro' the heather, a - round him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' the-gither, And

crown your right - fu, law - fu' king; For wha'll be king but Char - lie?

4. There's neer a lass in a' the land
 But vows baith late and early,
 To man she'll neer gie heart or hand
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie.
 Come thro' the heather, etc.

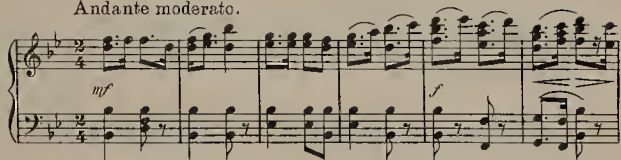
5. Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
 And be't complete and early;
 His very name my heart's blood warms—
 To arms for Royal Charlie!
 Come thro' the heather, etc.

SCOTS, WHA HAE W' WALLACE BLED!

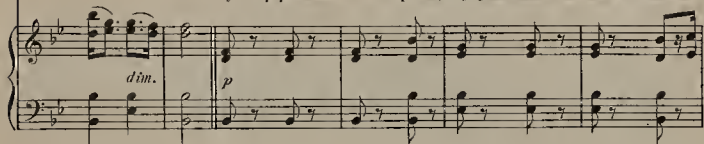
Burns.

Andante moderato.

Piano.



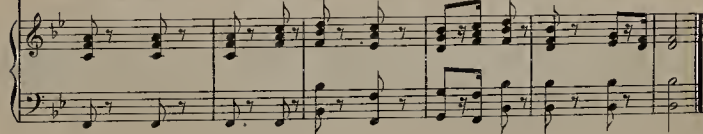
1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led,
2. Wha would be a traitor knave? Wha would fill a coward's grave?
3. By op-pression's woes an' pains, By your sons in servile chains,



Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ri-ol! Now's the day an' now's the hour.
 Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
 We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u-surp-ers low!



See the front of bat-tle lour; See approach proud Edwards' pow'r! Chains and sla-ve-ri-ol!
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Freeman stand, and free-man fa', Let him on wi' me!
 Tyrants fall in ev-ry foe! Lib-er-ty's in ev-ry blow! Let us do or dee!



THE WAEFU' HEART.

Larghetto.

Voice.

Piano.

mp

1. Gin
2. Yet,
3. "I

liv - ing worth could win my heart, You would - na speak in - vain; But in the darksome
oh! gin Heav'n in mer - cy soon Would grant the boon I - crave, And tak' this life, now
come, I come, my Ja - mie dear, And, oh! wi' what gude - will, I fol - low whaerso -

grave it's - laid, Nev - er to rise a - gain. My wae - fu' heart lies
nae - thing worth, Sin' Ja - mie's in his grave. And see, his gen - tle
e'er ye - lead, ye can - na lead to ill! She said, and soon a -

low wi' his Whose heart was on - ly - mine; And, oh! what a heart was
spir - it comes, To show me on - my way! Sur - prised, nae - doubt, I
dead - ly pale Her fad - ed cheek pos - sess'd; Her wae - fu' heart for -

that to lose, But I—maun neér re—pine.
still am here, Sair wond'ring at—my—stay.
got to beat, Her sor—row sunk to—rest.

OH, WHY LEFT I MY HOME?

Slow, with feeling.

Piano.

1. Oh,— why left I my home? Why
2. The— palm—tree wav—eth high, And

did I cross the deep? Oh,— why left I the land Where my
fair the myr—tle springs, And— to the In—dian maid The—

fore - fa - ther's sleep? I sigh for Sco - tia's shore, And I
*bul - bul sweet - ly sings: But I din - na see the broom, Wi' its

gaze a - cross the sea, But I can - na get a blink O' my
tas - sels on the lea, Nor hear the lin - tie's sang O' my

rit.
ain coun - trie.
ain coun - trie.

colla voce *mf* *dim.*

+) The Indian Nightingale.

3. Oh! here no sabbath bell
Awakes the sabbath morn,
Nor song of reaper's heard
Among the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slavery;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

4. There's a hope for ev'ry woe,
And a balm for ev'ry pain,
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

THE EWE-BUGHTS.

57

Andante.

Piano.

1. Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion. And ware in the sheep wi' ine? The sun shines
2. There's gowd in your gar- ters, Marion. And silk on your white house-bane; Fu' fain wad
3. There's braw lads in Earn-slau, Marion. Wha gape and glowt with their ee At kirk, when

sweet, my— Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee! The sun shines sweet, my
I kiss my Marion, At e'en when I come hame. Fu' fain wad I kiss my
they see my Marion; But nae of them lo'es like me. At kirk, when they see my

Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee.
Marion, At e'en when I come hame.
Marion, But nae of them lo'es like me.

4. I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

5. And ye's got a green sey apron,
And waistcoat o' London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

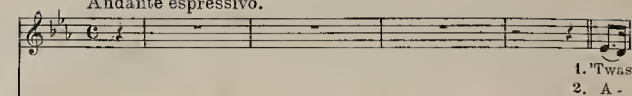
6. I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

7. Sae put on your pearlyn, Marion,
And kirtle o' craniasie;
And when ev'ning comes, my Marion,
Then I'll come west and see thee.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

Andante espressivo.

Voice.



1. 'Twas
2. A -

Piano.



in that sea - son of the year, When all things gay and sweet ap - pear, That
wake, sweet Muse! the breath - ing spring With rap - ture warm, a - wake and sing, A -

Co - lin, with the morn - ing ray. A - rose and sung his rural lay: Of Nan - nie's charm the
wake and join the vo - cal throng, Who hail the morning with a song! To Nan - nie raise the

shep - herd's song, The hills and dales with Nan - nie - rung, While Ros - lin Cas - tle -
cheer - ful lay; Oh, bid her haste and come a - way: in sweetest smiles her -

heard the swain, And ech-oed back the cheerful strain.
 self a - dorn, And add new graces to the morn!

3. O hark, my love! on every spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
 'Tis beauty fires the ravished throng,
 And love inspires the melting song.
 Then let my raptured notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4. O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, o come away!
 Come, while the Muse his wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 Oh, hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravished heart of mine.

SCOTLAND YET.

With Spirit.

Piano. *mf* *cresc.*

1. Gae bring my gude auld harp ance main, Gae bring it free and
 2. The heath waves wild up - on her hills; And foaming frae the

fast: For I maun sing a - nith-er sang, Ere a' my glee be past; And
 falls, Her fountains sing o' freedom still, As they dance down the dells; And

mf *cresc.*

tro-ye as I sing, my lads, The bur-den o't shall be Auld Scotland's howes and
weel I lo'e the land, my lads, That's gird-ed by the sea: Then Scotland's dales and

ad lib.
♩

Scotland's knowes, And Scotland's hills for me: I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wi'
Scotland's vales, And Scotland's hills for me: I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wi'

a' the hon-ours three.
a' the hon-ours three.

3. Her thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid,
To dye her auld grey plaid.
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,
Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me:
I'll drink a cup to Scotland, etc.

4. They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gie me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me:
I'll drink a cup to Scotland, etc.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVY LOVE.

61

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

1. When trees did bud and fields were green, And
2. Now Da - vy did each lad sur - pass, That

broom bloom'd fair to see, When Ma - ry was com -
dwelt on this burn side, And Ma - ry was the

plete fif - teen, And love laugh'd in_ her_ e'e._
bon-niest lass, Just meet to_ be_ a_ bride._

Blithe Da - vy's blinks her heart did move To speak_ her mind thus
Blithe Da - vy's blinks her heart did move To speak_ her mind thus

free, — } Gang down the burn, Da-vy love, down the burn, Da-vy love,
free, — }

down the burn, Da - vy love, And I will fol - low thee. Down the burn, Da-vy love,
rall.

down the burn. Da-vy love, down the burn, Da-vy love, Gang down the burn, Davy love, And

I will fol-low thee.

rall. *mf*

3. Her cheeks were rosy red and white,

Her een was bonny blue,

Her locks were like Aurora bright;

Her lips like dropping dew.

Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move

To speak her mind thus free,

Gang down the burn, Davy love, etc.

4. As fate had dealt to him a routh,

Straight to the kirk he ied her,

There plighted her his faith and truth,

And a bonny bride he made her.

No more asham'd to own her love

Or speak her mind thus free,

Gang down the burn, Davy love, etc.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Andantino.

Piano. *p*

1. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He war-bled sweet and clear - ly, An'

2. Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird, Is that a sang ye bor - row; Are

aye the o'er-come o' his sang Was, Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!" Oh!
these somewords ye've learnt by heart, Or a lilt o' dool an' sor - row?" "Oh!

when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird, The tears cam' drappin' rare - ly, I
no, no, no!" the wee - bird sang, "I've flown sin' mornin' ear - ly, But

took my bon - net aff my head, For weel I lo'd Prince Char - lie!
sic a day o' wind an' rain. Oh! wae's me for Prince Char - lie!

3. "On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger,
On ev'ry side he's press'd by want,
On ev'ry side is danger.

Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

4 "Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd,
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
And where wast that your Prince lay down,
Wha's hame should been a palace?

He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a hush o' hroon—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

5. But now the hird saw some red coats,
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer!"
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

23

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano.

dolce

p

1. The lass o' Patie's
2. With-out the aid of
3. Oh! had I a the

mill, — Sae bon - nie, blythe, and gay, In - spite of a my skill, — She
art, — Like flowrs that grace the wild, She did hersweetsim-part — When-
wealth — Hoptoun's highmoun-tains fill, In - sured long life and health — And

stole my heart a - way. When ted - din' o' the hay, — Barehead - ed on the
eer she spoke or smild. Her looks they were so mild, — Free from af - feet - ed
pleasure at my will, I'd prom - ise and ful - fill — That none but bon - nie

green, Love'midst her locks did play, An - wanton'd in her een.
pride, She me to love be-guiled; I — wishd her for my bride.
she, The lass o' Pa - tie's mill, Should share the same with me.

dim.

O WALY, WALY UP THE BANK.

Larghetto.

Voice.

1. O wa-ly, wa-ly
2. O wa-ly, wa-ly,
3. Now Arthur's seat shall

Piano.

up the bank, And wa-ly, wa-ly down the brae, And wa-ly by you
love is bon-nie A lit-tle time while it is new; But when it's auld it
be my bed,— The sheet shall neer be press'd by me; St. An-ton's well shall

riv-er-side, Where I and my love went to gae. I leant my back un-
wax-es could, And fades a - wa' like morn-ing dew. O, where-fore should I
be my drink, Since my true love's for - sak - en me. Mar-tin - mas wind, when

to an aik, I thought it was a trus-ty tree! But first it bow'd and
buck my head? Or... where-fore should I kame my hair? For my true love has
wilt thou blow, An' shake the green leaves aff the tree? O gen-tle death, when

syne it brak', And sae did my true love to me.
me for - sook, And says he'll nev - er lo'e me mair.
wilt thou come? For o' my life I am wea - rie.

4. 'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie,
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
An' I mysel' in eramasie.

5. But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gold,
An' pin'd it wi' a siller pin.
And oh! if my young hae were born,
An' set upon the nurse's knee,
An' I mysel' were dead an' gane,
An' the green grass growin' over me!

WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'

Allegro.

Piano.

1. The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An' O, as she dightet her cheeks; Sir,
2. Out spake the auld gude-man, As he cam' in frae the pleugh; O
3. The mith - er she spake neist, What needs sae mick - le pride? I

I'm to be mar - ried the night, An' have nei - ther blan - kets nor sheets. Have
doch - ter, hand your tongue, And ye'se get gear e - nough: The
had - na a plack in my pouch That night I was a bride; My

nei - ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor bare - ly a cov - er - let too; The
stirk that stands in the byre, And our hraw cowte for - hye - Keep
gown was lin - sey-wool-sey, And pet - ti-coats on - ly twa; An

bride that has a things to bor - row, Has een right mick - le a - do.
up - your heart, - my lass, - Ye's hae haith horse and kye.
ye - hae rib - bons an bus - kins, What wud ye be at a - va?

Wood and mar - ried and a, Mar - ried and wood and a, And

is she nae ver - y well off That is wood and mar - ried and a.

4. Out spake the bride's brither,
As ha cam' in wi' the kye -
Poor Willie wud neer hae ta'en ye
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se neer tak' ane i' my life.
Wood and married, etc.

5. The bridegroom he spake neist,
And he spuke up wi' pride -
'Twas no for gowd or gear
I sought you for my bride;
I'll be prouder o' you at hame,
Although our haddin' be sma',
Than gin I had Kate o' Croft,
Wi' per pearlins and brooches o
Wood and married etc.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

69

Adagio.

Voice.

1. I'm wear - in' a -
2. Ye ayewereleal and
3. Then dry that tear-fu'

Piano.

wa, Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa To the
true, Jean, Your task's end - ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
e, Jean, My soul longs to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on me To the

land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's nei-ther could nor
land o' the leal. Our bon - nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith, gude and
land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is

care, Jean, The day is aye fair in the land o' the leal.
fair, Jean, And we grudge her sair To the land o' the leal.
vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

TULLOCHGORUM.

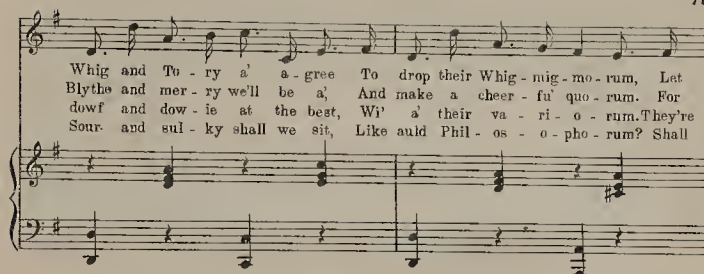
Allegro.

Piano.

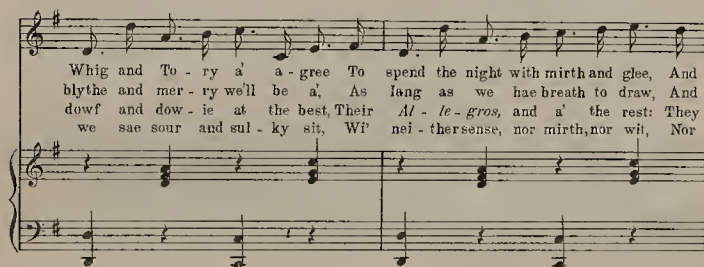
1. Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried, And lay your disputes a' a-side; What
 2. O, Tul-loch-go-rum's my de-light, It gars us a' in ane u-nite, And
 3. There needs na be sae great a fraise Wi' dringing dull i-talian lays; I
 4. Let worldly mindst themselves oppress Wi' fears o' want and double cess, And

sig-ni-fies't for folks to chide For what's been done be-fore them. Let
 on-y sumph that keeps up spite, In con-science I ab-hor him. For
 wad-na gie our ain strathspeys For hauf-a-hun-der score o' them. They're
 sil-ly sots themselves dis-tress Wi' keep-ing up de-co-rum. Shall

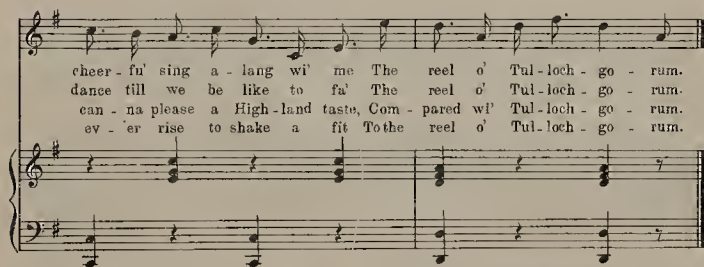
Whig and To-ry a' a-gree, Whig and To-ry, Whig and Tor-ry,
 blythe and mer-ry we'll be a', Blythe and mer-ry, blythe and mer-ry,
 dowf and dow-ie at the best, Dowf and dow-ie, dowf and dow-ie, They're
 we sae sour and sul-ky sit? Sour and sul-ky, sour and sul-ky,



Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To drop their Whig - nig - mo - rum, Let
Blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', And make a cheer - fu' quo - rum. For
dowf and dow - ie at the best, Wi' a' their va - ri - o - rum. They're
Sour and sul - ky shall we sit, Like auld Phil - os - o - pho - rum? Shall



Whig and To - ry a' a - gree To spend the night with mirth and glee, And
blythe and mer - ry we'll be a', As lang as we hae breath to draw, And
dowf and dow - ie at the best, Their *Al - le - gros*, and a' the rest: They
we see sour and sul - ky sit, Wi' nei - ther sense, nor mirth, nor wit, Nor



cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.
dance till we be like to fa' The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.
can - na please a High - land taste, Com - pared wi' Tul - loch - go - rum.
ev - er rise to shake a fit To the reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

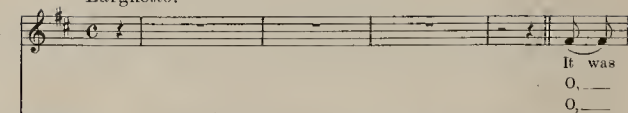
5. May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's gude watch o'er him.
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' em;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

6. But for the discontented fool
Who loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him:
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that came frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum!

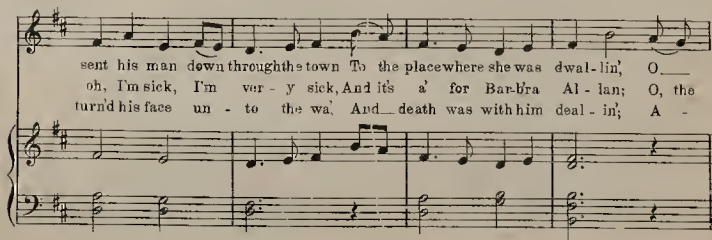
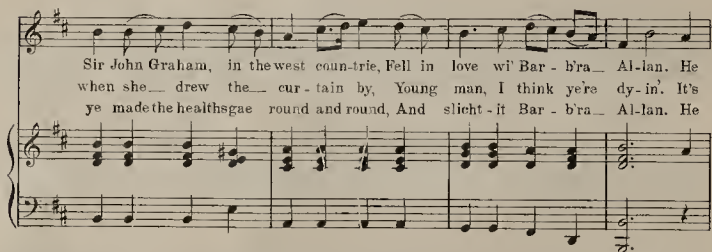
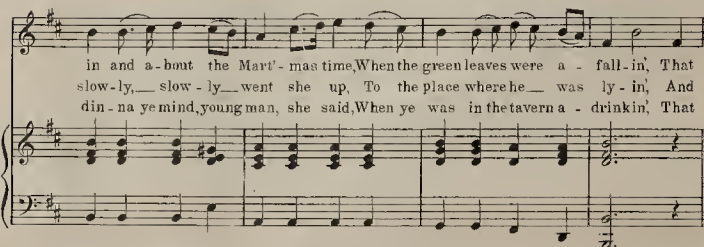
BARBARA ALLAN.

Larghetto.

Voice.



Piano.



haste and come to my mas - ter dear, Gin - ye be Barb'ra Al - lan.
 bet - ter for me ye'se nev - er be Thoyour heart's bluid were a - spill - in'.
 dieu, a - dieu, my - dear friends a', And be kind to Barb'ra Al - lan.

And slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighin', said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had-na gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
 And ev'ry jow the deid-bell g'ied
 It cried, Wae to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother mak' my bed,
 And mak' it saft and narrow;
 Since my love died for me to-day
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

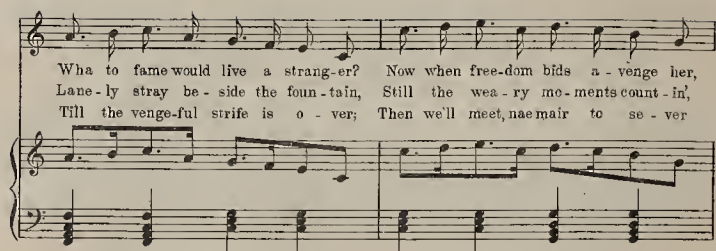
LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Allegro moderato.

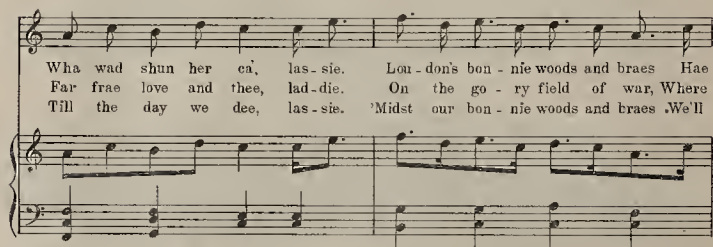
Piano.

1. Loudon's bon - nie woods and braes, I maun lea' them a' - las - sie; Wha can thole when Britain's faes
2. Hark! the swell - ing bu - gle rings, Yielding joy to thee, lad - die - But the dole - ful bu - gle brings
3. O, re - sume thy wont - ed smile, O, sup - press thy fears, las - sie; Glorious honour crown the toil

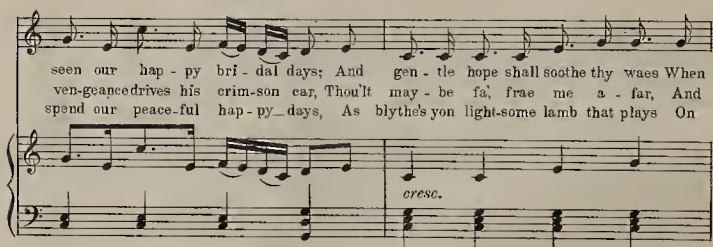
Wad gie Bri - tons law, las - sie? Wha wad shua the field o' dan - ger?
 Wae - fu' thocht to me, lad - die. Lane - ly I maun climb the moun tain,
 That the sol - dier shares, las - sie. Heav'n will shield thy faith - ful lov - er



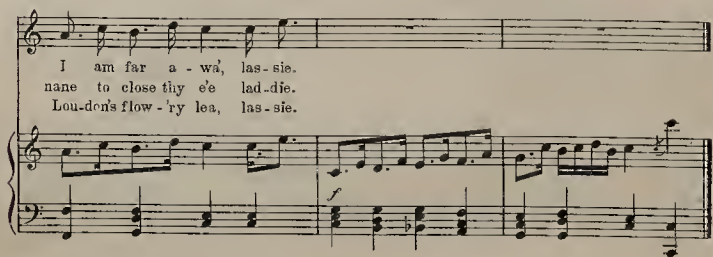
Wha to fame would live a strang-er? Now when free-dom bids a - venge her,
 Lane-ly stray be - side the foun-tain, Still the wea - ry mo - ments count - in',
 Till the venge-ful strife is o - ver; Then we'll meet, nae mair to se - ver



Wha wad shun her ea, las - sie. Lou - don's bon - nie woods and braes Hae
 Far frae love and thee, lad - die. On the go - ry field of war, Where
 Till the day we dee, las - sie. 'Midst our bon - nie woods and braes .We'll



seen our hap - py bri - dal days; And gen - tle hope shall soothe thy waes When
 ven - geance drives his crim - son car, Thoult may - be fa', frae me a - far, And
 spend our peace - ful hap - py days, As blythe's yon light - some lamb that plays On



I am far a - wa, las - sie.
 nane to close thy e'e lad - die.
 Lou - don's flow - ry lea, las - sie.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

75

Voice.

Piano.

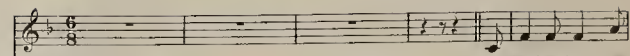
1. It fell a-bout the
2. The wind blew cauld frae
3. "My hand is in my

Mart' - mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When
north to east, And hlew in to the floor, O! Quoth
huss - wyf - skip, Gude - man, as ye may see, O! An' it


our gude-wife had puddins to mak', And she boi'd them in the pan, O!
our gude-man to our gude-wife, "Get up and bar the door, O!"
shouldnae be barr'd this hun - ner year, It'll no be barr'd by me, O!"

4. They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O!
Wha-ever should speak the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O!
5. Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve delcck at night, O!
And they could see neither house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light, O!
6. Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O?
But neer a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O!
7. And first they ate the white puddins,
And syne they ate the black, O!
Thø muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
Yet neer a word she spak', O!
8. Then the ane unto the other said—
"Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!"
9. "But there's nae water in the house,
And what will we do then, O!"
"What ails you at the puddin' broo,
That boils into the pan, O?"
10. O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O!
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"
11. Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O!
"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word
Get up and bar the door, O!"

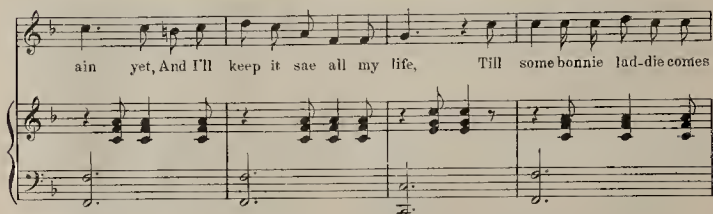
I'M GLAD MY HEART'S MY AIN YET.

Voice. 

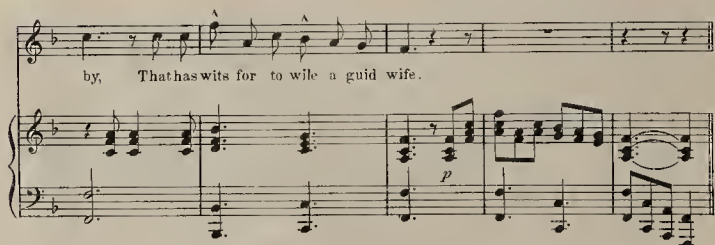
I'm glad my heart's my

Piano. 

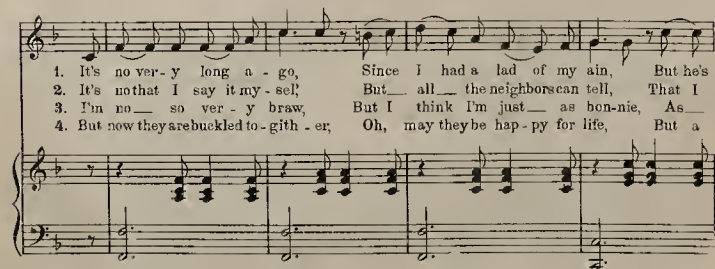
ain yet, And I'll keep it sae all my life, Till some bonnie lad-die comes



by, That has wits for to wile a guid wife.



1. It's no ver-y long a-go, Since I had a lad of my ain, But he's
 2. It's no that I say it my-sel', But all the neighbors can tell, That I
 3. I'm no so ver-y braw, But I think I'm just as bon-nie, As
 4. But now they are buckled to-gith-er, Oh, may they be hap-py for life, But a



off with an - ith - er las-sie, And he's left me all a - lone.
 hae no a gown nor a hame, Put I shape it and-shoe it my - sell.
 Jen-nie wi' a her sil-ler, That's ta'en my lad die a - wa'.
 man that will marry for sil-ler, Will nev-er be guid to his wife.

CHORUS.

But I'm glad my heart's my ain yet, And I'll keep it sae all my

life, Till some bon-nie lad-die comes by, That has

wits for to wile a guid wife.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Allegretto.

Piano.

1. Where hae ye been a' the day, Bon - nie lad - die, —
 2. When he drew his gude braid sword, Bon - nie lad - die, —
 3. Wea - ry fa the Law - land loon, Bon - nie lad - die, —

High-land lad-die? Saw ye him that's far a - way, — Bon - nie lad - die,
 High-land lad-die, Then he gave his roy - al word, Bon - nie lad - die,
 High-land lad-die, Wha took frae him the Brit - ish crown, Bon - nie lad - die,

High-land lad-die? On his head a bon - net blue, Bon - nie lad - die,
 High-land lad-die, That frae the field he ne'er would flee, Bon - nie lad - die,
 High-land lad-die, But bless - ings on the kilt - ed Clans, Bon - nie lad - die,

Highland lad-die; Tar-tan plaid and High-land trew, Bon-nie lad-die,
 Highland lad-die; But wi' his friends would live or— dee, Bon-nie lad-die,
 Highland lad-die, That fought for him at Pres-ton - pans, Bon-nie lad-die,

Highland lad-die!
 Highland lad-die!
 Highland lad-die!

f *dim.*

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Burns.

Moderato.

Piano.

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go,— Will ye go,— will ye go,—

f *p*

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go To the birks of A-ber-fel-dy? 1. Now
2. While
3. The

summer blinks on flow'-ry braes, And o'er the cry-stal streamlet plays, Come
o'er their heads the ha-zels hing; The lit-tle bir-dies blythely sing, Or
braes as - cend like lof - ty was, The foam-ing stream deep roar-ing fas, O'er -

let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of Aber-fel-dy.
light-ly flit on wan-ton wing, In the birks of Aber-fel-dy.
hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws The birks of Aber-fel-dy.

lento

4. The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie etc.

5. Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie etc.

MARIE STUART'S FAREWELL.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Fare -
2. Oh,

Con espress.

well, O France! for ev - er - more: To leave thee is to
stay, oh, stay! thou speed - ing bark! I fain would gaze once

die Fare - well, fare - well, thy smil - ing shore, Fare -
more, But night has come, the shore is dark: Oh,

well thy cloud - less sky Each wave that mur - murs
France! my dream is o'er The breezes that wafts me

at my feet, Brings tear for tear to me; For
from thy breast, Brings sigh for sigh to me; And

mem - ries wild and sad and sweet, Be - long fair France, to
tears and sighs, and wild un - rest, Be - long my heart, to

rit.

colla voce

1.
thee!

2.
thee! Fare - well, fare -

rall. *molto rall.*

molto rall.

rit.

well, O France, fare - well! fare - well, fare -

well, dear France, fare - well!

Burns.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Allegro.

Voice.

1. Dun-can Gray cam'
2. Dun-can flech'd an'
3. Time and chance are

Piano.

here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; On bly the Yule night, when we were fu',
 Dun-can pray'd, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; Meg was deaf as Ail-sa Craig,
 but a tide, Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't; Slight-ed love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't. Mag-gie coost her head fu' heigh,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't. Dun-can sigh'd baith out an' in,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't. "Shall I, like a fool" quo' he,

Look'd a-slent, and un-co skeigh, Gart poor Dun-can stand a-beigh, Ha, ha, the
Grat his een baith heard and blin, Spak' o' loup-ing o'er a linn, Ha, ha, the
"For a haugh-ty hiz-zie dee? She may gae to France for me! Ha, ha, the

woo-in' o't.
woo-in' o't.
woo-in' o't?

4. How it comes let Doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't;
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een, they spak' sic things,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.

5. Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the woo-in' o't.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Piano. *Lento.*

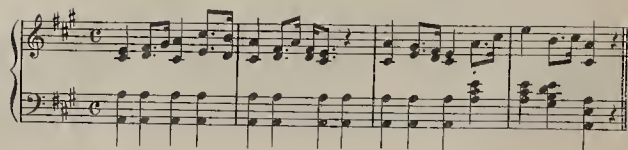
The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund o' tow; I think my wifewill

end her life Be-fore she spin her tow. 1. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, As
 2. There sat a bot-tle in a bole, Be-
 3. Quo' I, For shame, ye dor-ty dame, Gae
 4. At last her feet, I sang to see't, Gae

guid as o'er did grow, An' a' that she has made o' that Is ae puir pund o' tow.
 yont the in-gle lowe, An' aye she took the tith-er souk Todrouk the stou-rie tow.
 spin your tap o' tow! She took the rock, and wi' a knock, She brak it o'er my pow.
 fore-most o'er the knowe; An' or I'll wed a-nith-er jade, I'll wai-lop in a tow.

THE HIGHLANDMAN'S TOAST.

Piano.



1. Scotland, the land of the this-tle and heather, Scot-land the land of the
 2. Fami'd is the name of our own he-ro, Wallace Whose brave heart to Scot-land was
 3. Wave on, stern this-tle wave on, bon-nie heather! Grow o'er the graves where

 The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody begins with the lyrics "1. Scotland, the land of the this-tle and heather,". The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note patterns from the introduction.

mountain and flood; Scot-land, the birthplace of true heart-ed he-ros Who
 loy-al and true; Who liv'd for her glo-ry, who died that dis-hon-our Might
 dar-ing once lie; Bloom there to show them, our friends and our foe-men, How

 The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "mountain and flood;" are aligned with the start of the vocal line.

paid for thy free-dom their last drop o' blood. Well may each Scotchman, while
 nev-er de-send on the bon-nets o' blue. And the Bruce we still mourn, who at
 Scotchmen can fight, and how Scotchmen can die. Bid them re-mem-ber we

 The third system concludes the song. The vocal melody ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding chord.

life lasts, remember The brave ones who fell gainst the num-ber-less host Who
 faind Bannockburn, With his brave lit-tle band the u-surp-ers de-fied, Who
 want no de-fender, Our hearts are as true as the brave ones of yore, Whose

tried to enslave her, in sla-very de-grade her, And whose name shall for-ever be the
 fought like a li-on, vast armies de-fy-ing Till the field with the blood of her
 names we will cher-ish till mem-o-ry per-ish, So— let the toast resound from the

CHORUS.

high-land-man's toast,
 foe-men was dyed. Here's to the health, the hill, and the heather, The
 hill to the shore.

bon-net, the plai-die, the kilt, and the feather; Here's to the he-roes that

Scot-land can boast, May their names nev-er die that's a high-land-man's toast.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

*Burns.**Allegro.*

Voice.

Piano.

1. "Come under my plaidie, the
2. "Gae wa wi' your plaidie! auld
3. "Dear Marion, let that fleestick

night's gaun to fa; Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw; Come
Don-ald, gae 'wa, I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, or the snaw; Gae
fast to the wa, Your Jock's but a gowk, and has nae-thing a - va; The

un-der my plaidie and sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las sie, be-
'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit be-side ye, Ye might be my gutch-er-auld
hale o' his pack he has now on his back, He's thret-ty, and I am but

lievs me, for twa. Come un-der my plaidie and sit down be-side me, I'll
Don-ald, gae 'wa. I'm gaun to meet John-nie, he's young and he's bon-nie, He's
three-score and twa. Be frank now, and kin'-ly, I'll busk ye aye fine-ly, To

hap ye frae ev-ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come un-der my plaidie, and
been at Meg's bridal in' trig and fu' braw! Nane danc-es sae light-ly, sae
kirk or to markethy'll few gang sae braw; A___ bienhouse to bide in, a

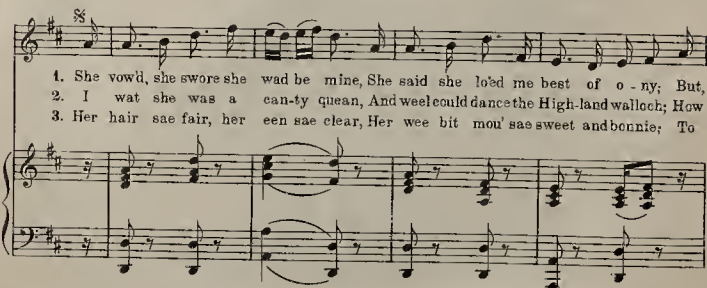
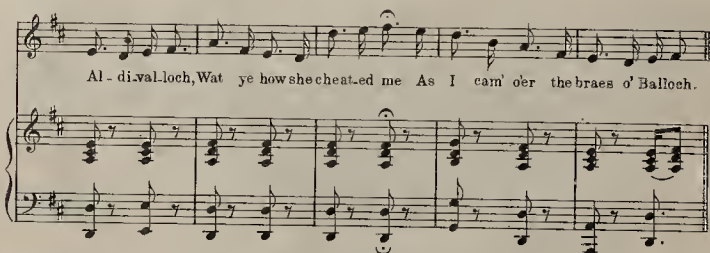
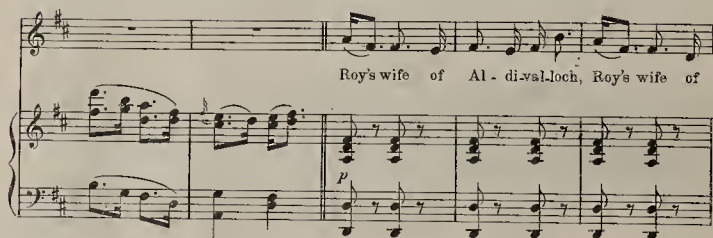
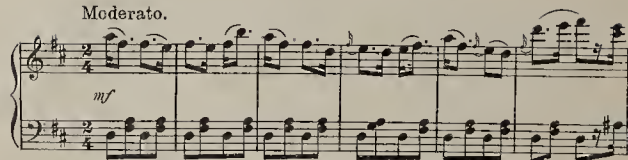
sit down be-side me, There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-leave me, for twa"
grace-fu' or tight-ly, His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw,"
chaise for to ride in, An' ffin-kies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'"

4. "My father aye tauld me, my mither an' a,
Ye'd mak' a gude husband and keep me aye braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,
But wae me, I ken, he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma!
Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than three-score and twa"
5. She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a;
The day was appointed!— his proud heart it dunted,
And strak 'gainst his side ae if burstin' in twa,
He wander'd home weary, the night it was dreary,
And throwless he tiut his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."
6. O! the deil's in the lasees! they gang now sae braw,
They tak' up wi' auld men o' four-score and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the caulddest blast now that can blaw.
Auld dotards, be wary! tak' tent wha you marry,
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whup and they'll ca';
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthful and bonnie,
When they'll wish that their auld men were dead and awa'."

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Moderato.

Piano.



oh! the fic - kle, faith-less quean, She's ta'en the Carle, and left her Johnnie.
hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di - val-loch.
For she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for ev - er left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val-loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val-loch,

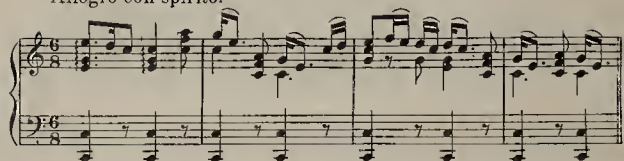
Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I can't o'er the braes o' Bal-loch.

mf

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.



1. Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phil - a - beg?
 2. I hae but ae son, my gal - lant young Do - nald; But
 3. I'll to Loch - iel, and Ap - pin, and kneel to them;
 4. Down thro' the Low - lands, down wi' the whig - a - more

p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with four verses of lyrics. Below the lyrics is a piano accompaniment consisting of a treble and bass staff. The piano part begins with a few chords and then follows a simple harmonic pattern.

Down by the Tum - mel, or banks o' the Gar - ry;
 if I had ten they should fol - low Glen - gar - ry;
 Down by Lord Mur - ray and Roy o' Kil - dar - lie;
 Loy - al true High - land - ers, down wi' them rare - ly!

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chords and moving lines in both staves.

Sew ye the lads wi' their bon - nets an' white cock - ades,
 Health to Mc - Don - ald and gal - lant Cian Ron - ald, For
 Brave Mack - in - tosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
 Ron - ald and Don - ald, drive on wi' the broad clay - more,

The third system concludes the song with the final verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a simple harmonic support for the vocal line.

Leav - ing their moun - tains to fol - low Prince Char - lie?
 these are the men that will die for their Char - lie.
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Char - lie.
 O - ver the necks of the foes of Prince Char - lie.

Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, wha wad - na fol - low thee? Langhasthou lov'd, an'

rall. *p*

f *dim.* *colla voce*

trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie, wha wad - na fol - low thee?

p *f*

King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Char - lie!

rall.

Fine

AFTON WATER.

Burns.

Andante.

Piano.

sostenuto

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet
 2. Thou stock-dove, whose
 3. How lof - ty, sweet
 4. How pleas-ant thy—

Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a—
 eeh - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist-ling blackbirds in—
 Af - ton, thy neighbour-ing hills, Far mark'd with the cours-es of—
 banks and green val-leys be - low, Where wild in the woodlands the—

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing
 yon thorn-y den, Thou green-ciest-ed lap-wing, thy screaming for -
 clear wind-ing rills! There dai-ly i wan-der as morn ris-es—
 prim-ros-es blow! There oft as mild eve-ning creeps o - ver the

stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her
 bear, I charge you dis - turb not my... slum - ber - ing
 high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my
 lea, The sweet-scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and

dream.
 fair.
 eye.
 me.

5. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides 6. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green (braes,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides! Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays.
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream.
 As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave. Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

KELVIN GROVE.

Andante.

Piano.

1. Let us haste to Kel - vin grove, bon - nie las - sie, O; Thro' its
 2. Let us wan - der by the mill, bon - nie las - sie, O; To the
 3. O Kel - vin banks are fair, bon - nie las - sie, O; When the

ma - zes let us rove, — bon - nie las - sie, O; Where the
cove be - side the rill, — bon - nie las - sie, O, Where the
sum - mer we are there, bon - nie las - sie, O, There the

ro - ses in their pride Deck the bon - nie din - gle side, Where the
glens re - bound the call Of the roar - ing wa - ter's fall, Thro' the
May - pink - crim - son plume Throws a soft but sweet per - fume Round the

mid - night fai - ries glide, bonnie las - sie, O.
mountain's rock - y hall, bonnie las - sie, O.
yel - low banks o' broom, bonnie las - sie, O.

4. Tho' I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O, 6. Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O, And adieu to a' I love, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side, To the river winding clear,
I could stay thy father's pride, To the fragrant scented brier,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O. Even to thee of a' most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

5. But the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O, 7. When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O, Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day Then, Heien, shouldst thou hear
Wake the warblers on the spray, Of thy lover on his bier,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O. To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Affettuoso.

Piano. *dolce*

 The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Affettuoso' and 'dolce'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3, E3, and D3. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a gentle, flowing accompaniment.

1. Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the
 2. To gang to the Hie-lan's wi' you, sir, I din-na ken
 3. O Lee-zie, lass, ye maun ken lit-tle if sae be that ye
 4. She has kilt-ed her coats o' green sa-tin, She has kilt-ed them

 This system contains the first four lines of the song. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piano part consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Hie-lan's wi' me? Will ye gang to the Hie-lan's, Lee-zie Lindsay, My
 how that may be, For I ken na' the lan' that ye live in, Nor
 din-na ken me, My name is Lord Ro-nald Mac-Do-nald, A
 up to the knee, And she's aff wi' Lord Ro-nald Mac-Do-nald, His

 This system contains the next four lines of the song. The vocal line continues in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

bride and my dar-ling to be?
 ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.
 chief-tan o' high do-gree.
 bride and his dar-ling to be.

 This system contains the final four lines of the song. The vocal line concludes in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment concludes in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

BURNS AND SCOTLAND YET!

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

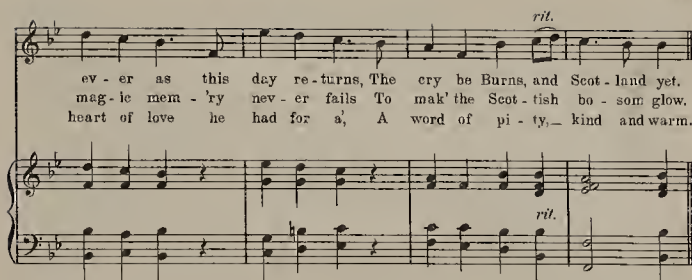
Piano.

1. Old Eng-land boasts Will Shakespear's name, A glo-ry tyme can ne'er ob-scure, And
2. He rais'd and prais'd the Cot-tar's hearth, And hallow'd aye the lov-er's scene; The
3. The lave-rock in the sum-mer lift, The dai-sy on the mountain sod, The

Ireland's dark-eyed daughters claim As their's the ly-ric muse of Moore; But cre-dit gave to hon-est worth, And held mere rank no worth a preen. He ro-bin mang the snaw-y drift, The field-mouse skirt-in' owre the clod. The

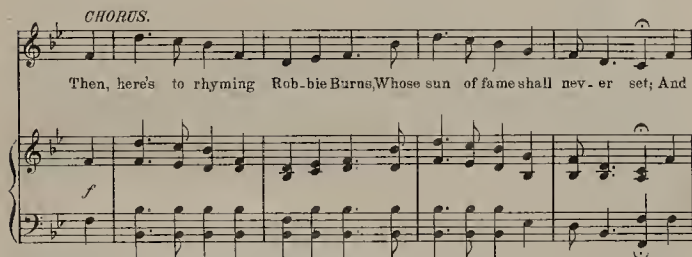
here's to rhyming Robbie Burns Whose sun of fame shall nev-er set; And
sang w' pride our hills and vales, And made our streams in music flow, His
auld plough-horse, the hood-ie craw, The cat-tle cow-ring frae the storm, A

rit.



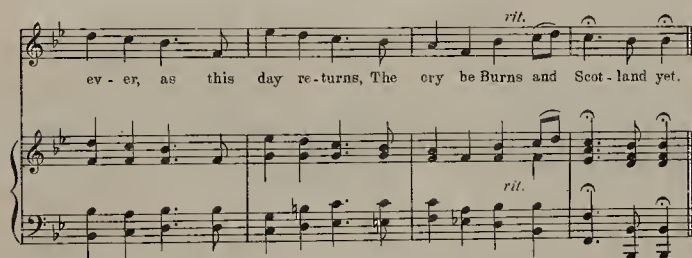
ev - er as this day re - turns, The cry be Burns, and Scot - land yet.
mag - ic mem - ry nev - er fails To mak' the Scot - tish bo - som glow.
heart of love he had for a', A word of pi - ty, - kind and warm.

CHORUS.



Then, here's to rhyming Rob - bie Burns, Whose sun of fame shall nev - er set; And

rit.



ev - er, as this day re - turns, The cry be Burns and Scot - land yet.

4. This night, where - ever Scotchmen meet,
At hame, or far ayent the brine,
Fond hearts the claims of memory greet,
Wi' "Bonnie Doon," and "Auld lang syne,"
Far, far from Scotland's lowly homes
The exile owns their melting charm;
For still, where - ever the Scotchman roams,
His heart wi' Burns's songs is warm.
Then, here's to rhyming Robbie Burns, etc.

5. There may be grander names than Burns,
But none that comes the heart so near,
And while the "twentyfifth" returns,
We'll hail it wi' a social cheer,
As first of men, and best of bards,
Sense, wit, and humour on his side.
Wha claims this night our warm regards?
It's Robbie Burns, auld Scotland's pride!
Then, here's to rhyming Robbie Burns, etc.

LOCH LOMON?

Not too slowly.

Piano.

p

Ad.

*

p

1. By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
 3. The-wee bird ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, An' in

mf

sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon, Where me and my true love were
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon, Where, in pur-ple hue, the
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in; But the bro-ken heart, it kens-nae

mf

ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon,
 Hie-land hills we view, An' the moon com-in' out in the gloam-in'. Oh!
 sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-fu may cease frae their greet-in'.

Brisker.

ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a -

dolente

fore ye, But me an' my true love will nev. er meet a - gain, On the

1st & 2nd Verses.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon.

Last Verse.

Lo - mon.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Burns.

Allegro.

Piano. *mf*

1. O,—
2. Here

Wil - lie brew'd a — peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan cam' to pree; Three
are we met, three mer - ry boys, Three mer - ry boys I trow are we; And

byt - er hearts that lee - land night Ye — wad - na find in Christen - die. } We —
mony a nicht we've mer - ry been, And mon - y mae we hope to be. }

are na fou, we're no that fou, But just a drap-pie in our ee; The

cock may crawl, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar-ley bree.

3. It is the moon— I ken her horn—
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, etc.

4. Wha first shall rise to gang awd,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, etc.

Burns.

MARY MORISON.

Affettuoso.

Voice.

1. Oh—
2. Yes—
3. Oh—

Piano.

Ma - ry, at thy win - dow be, It is the wishd, the tryst - ed hour, Those
treen when to the tremb - ling string The dance gaed thro' the light - ed ha', To—
Ma - ry, canst thou wreck his peace, Wha for thy sake would glad - ly dee? Or—

cresc. *p*

smiles and glances let me see, That mak' the mis-er's treasure poor. How
thee my fan-cy took its wing, I sat, but neith-er heard nor saw. Tho'
canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on-ly fault is lov-ing thee? If

blithe-ly wad I bide the store, A wea-ry slave frae sun to sun, Could
this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast of a the town; I
love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pit-y to me shown; A

I the rich re-ward se-cure, The love-ly Ma-ry
sighed, and said a-mang them a, "Ye are na Ma-ry
thought un-gen-tle can-na be, Tho' tho't o' Ma-ry

1. & 2. *Last Verse.*

Mo-ri-son. Mo-ri-son.

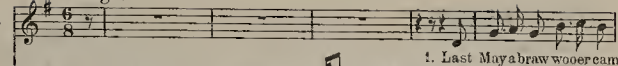
LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

105

BURNS.

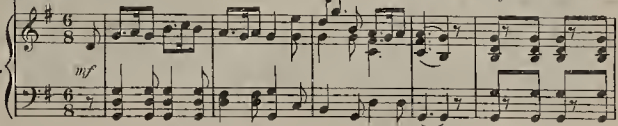
Allegro.

Voice.



1. Last May a braw wooer came

Piano.



down the lang gien, And sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was naething I

hated like men; The deuce gaew him to be lieve me, believe me; The deuce gaew him to believe me!

2. He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black'e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was deein;
I said he micht dee when he lik'd for Jean;
The guide-sakes forgie me for leein', for leein',
The guide-sakes forgie me for leein'!
3. A weel-stockit maillo', himsel' o't the laird,
And marriage aff-hand was his proffer.
I never loot on that I ken'd it or cared; (offer.
But thocht I micht hae a waur offer, waur
But thocht I micht hae a waur offer.
4. But what do ye think, in a fortnicht or less—
The diel's in his taste to gang near her!—
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess—
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her! (bear her,
5. But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?
Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a war-
Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock. (look,
6. But cwer my left shoulder I gied him a blink,
Lest neebors micht say I was sancy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear las-
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, (sle.
7. I speir'd for my cousin, fu' outhie and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin'? (feet?
And how my auld shoon fitted hershauced
Gude safe us! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin,
Gude safe us! how he fell a-swearin'.
8. He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae, een to preserve the puir body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow.
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Burns.

Andante.

Voice.

1. Thou hast left me ev - er, Ja-mie,
2. Thou hast me forsak - en, Ja-mie,

Thou hast left me ev - er, Thou hast left me ev - er, Ja-mie, Thou hast left me ev - er,
Thou hast me forsak - en, Thou hast me forsak - en, Ja-mie, Thou hast me forsak - en.

Af - ten hast thou vow'd that death On - ly should us sev - er, Now thou'st left thy lass for ay -
Thou canst love an - oth - er jo While my heart is breaking, Soon my weary 'e'en I'll close -

I maun see thee never, Jamie, I'll see thee never,
Never mair to waken Jamie, Never mair to waken.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *dim. e rall.* (diminuendo e rallentando).

1. Let the proud In-dian boast of his jes-sa-mine bow-ers, His—
 2. Sub-line are your hills when the young day is beam-ing, And—

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. It features a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody is simple, with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte).

past-ures of per-fume and— rose cov-er'd dells; While
 green are your groves with their— cool crys-tal wells; And

The piano accompaniment for the third line of the song. It features a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody is simple, with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

hum-bly I sing of those wild lit-tle flow-ers, The
 bright are your broad swords like morn-ing dews gleam-ing On

The piano accompaniment for the fourth line of the song. It features a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The melody is simple, with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

ad lib.

blue bells of Scotland, the Scot-tish blue bells. Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud
blue bells of Scotland, on Scot-tish blue bells. A - wake, ye - light fair - ies, that

sons of the mountains, For brave is the chieftain your prowess whoquells, And
trip o'er the heath-er; Ye mer-maids, a - rise from your cor-al - line cells; Come

dread-ful your wrath as the foam flashing foun-tain, That calms its wild waves inid the
forthwith your chor-us, all chant-ing to - ge - ther, The blue bells of Scot-land, the

mf

*ad lib.**With animation.*

Scot-tish blue bells. } Then strike the loud harp to the land of the riv - er, The
Scot-tish blue bells. }

colla voce *mf*

mountain, the val-ley, with all their wild spells, And shout in the cho-rus for

ad lib.
ev-er and ev-er, The bluebells of Scot-land, the Scottish blue bells.

WE'RE A' NODDIN'

Moderato.
Voice. And we're a' noddin',
Piano. *mf* *p*

nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame. 1. Gude een to ye, kimmer, And
2. Oh, sair hae I fought, Ear and
3. When he knockt at the door, I —

cresc.

are ye a-lane? Oh, come and see how blythe are we, For Jamie he's cam' hame, And late did I toil, My bairnies for to feed and lead, My comfort was theirs in ill! When I thoct I kent the rap, And lit-tle Katie cried a-loud; My daddie, he's cam' back! A-

oh, but he's been lang a-wa, And oh, my heart was sair As Isobd' out a lang fare-weel, May thoct on Jamie far a-wa, An' o' his love sa' fain, A bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart, We'd stoun'gaed thro' my anxious breast, As thoctful-ly I sat, I raise, I gaz'd, fell in his arms, And

2nd time f

be to meet nae mair,
may be meet a-gain. } Noo we're a' nod-din', nid, nid, nod-din' And we're a' noddin' at
burstet out and grat.

our house at hame.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

111

Moderato.

Voice. *mf* *p*

1. Here's to the year that's a -

Piano.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, and a piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 6/8.

wa! We'll drink it in strong and in sin; And here's to ilk bonnie young

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'wa! We'll drink it in strong and in sin; And here's to ilk bonnie young'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

las-sie we lo'd, While swift flew the year that's a - wa! And here's to ilk bonnie young

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'las-sie we lo'd, While swift flew the year that's a - wa! And here's to ilk bonnie young'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

ad lib. tempo

las-sie we lo'd, While swift flew the year that's a - wa! —

dim.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with a long note marked 'ad lib. tempo'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern, marked 'dim.' (diminuendo).

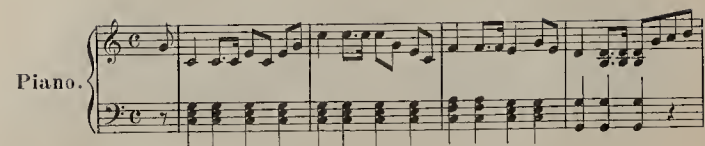
2. Here's to the soldier who bled —

To the sailor who bravely did fa! (fled When the storms of adversity blow! (hearts,
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have May they live in our song, and be nearest our
On the wings of the year that's awa'. Nor depart like the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc. May they live in our song, etc.

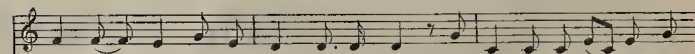
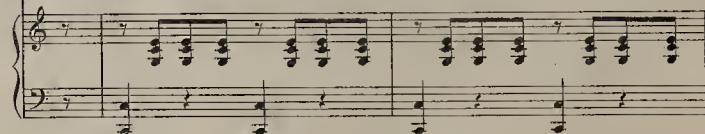
3. Here's to the friends we can trust

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

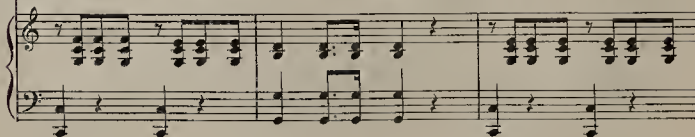
Piano.

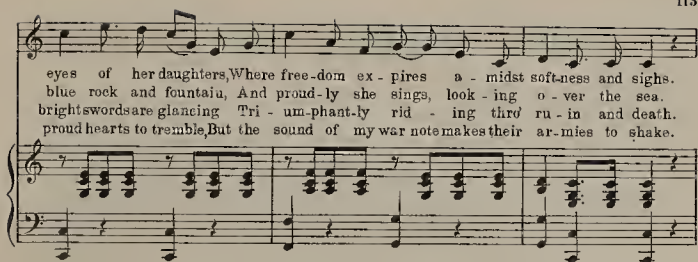


1. Let It - a - ly boast of her gay gild - ed wat - ers, Her
2. En - thron'd on the peak of her own High-land moun-tains, The
3. But see how - proud - ly her war steeds are prance - ing, Deep
4. When kings of the na - tions in coun - cil as - sem - ble, The

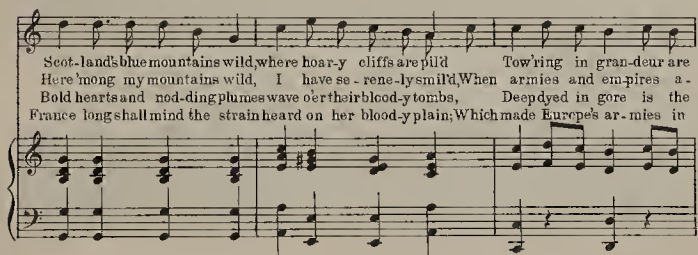


vines, and her bowrs, and her soft sun-ny skies,	Her sons drinking love from the
spir- it of Sen- tia reigns fear- less and free,	Her green tar- tan wav- ing o'er
groves of— steel trod- den down in their path,	The eyes of my sons, like their
frown of my brow makes the brav- est to quake,	The flash of my eye makes their

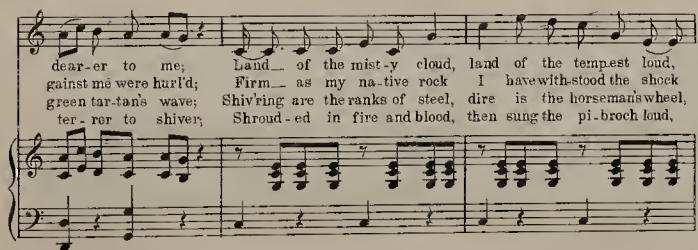




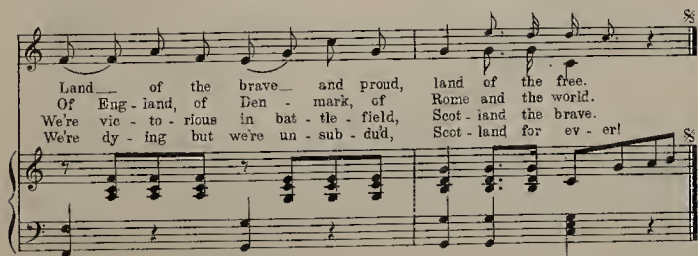
eyes of her daughters, Where free-dom ex-pires a-midst soft-ness and sighs.
blue rock and fountaiu, And proud-ly she sings, look-ing o-ver the sea.
brightswords are glancing Tri-umphant-ly rid-ing thro' ru-in and death.
proud hearts to tremble, But the sound of my war note makes their ar-mies to shake.



Scot-lands blue mountains wild, where hoar-y cliffs are piled Tow'ring in gran-deur are
Here'mong my mountains wild, I have se-rene-lys mild, When armies and empires a-
Bold hearts and nod-ding plumes wave o'er their blood-y tombs, Deepdyed in gore is the
France long shall mind the strain heard on her blood-y plain; Which made Europe's ar-mies in



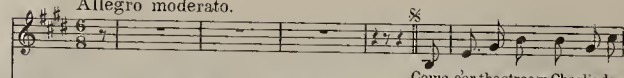
dear-er to me; Land of the mist-y cloud, land of the tempest loud,
gainst me were hurld; Firm as my na-tive rock I have withstood the shock
green tar-tan's wave; Shivering are the ranks of steel, dire is the horseman's wheel,
ter-ror to shiver; Shroud-ed in fire and blood, then sung the pi-broch loud,

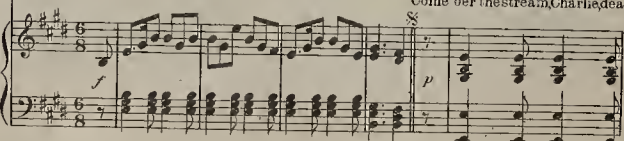


Land of the brave and proud, land of the free.
Of Eng-land, of Den-mark, of Rome and the world.
We're vic-to-rious in bat-tle field, Scot-land the brave.
We're dy-ing but were un-sub-dud, Scot-land for ev-er!

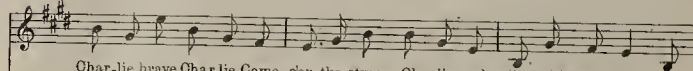
COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

Allegro moderato.

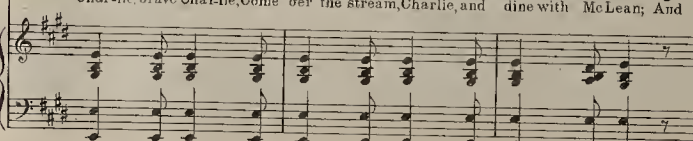
Voice. 

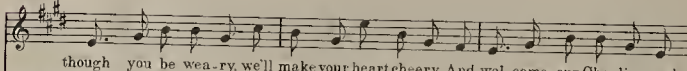
Piano. 

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear

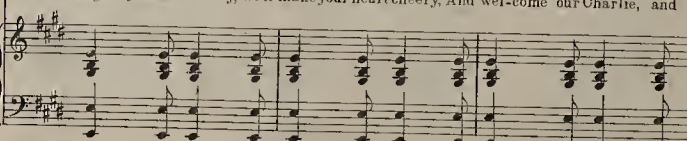



Char-lie, brave Char-lie, Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with McLean; And





though you be wea-ry, we'll make your heart cheery, And wel-come our Charlie, and

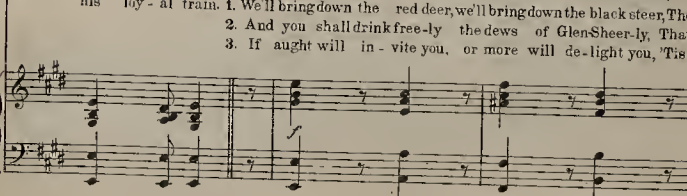




his loy-al train. 1. We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The

2. And you shall drink free-ly the dews of Glen-Sheer-ly, That

3. If aught will in-vite you, or more will de-light you, 'Tis



lamh from the breckan, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll har-ry, and
stream in the starlight, when kings din-na ken; And deep be your meed of the
rea-dy-a troop of our bold Highland-men Shall range on the heather with

bring to our Charlie The cream from the ho-ty, and curd from the pen,
wine that is red,— To drink to your sire and his friend the McLean.
bon-net and feather, Strong arms and broad claymores, three hun-dred and ten.

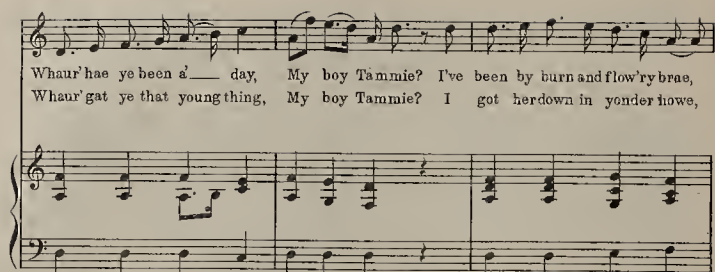
MY BOY TAMMIE.

Maestoso.

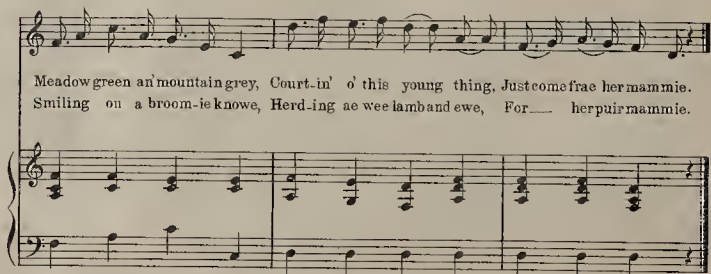
Voice.

Piano.

1. Whaur' hae ye been a— day, My— hoy— Tam-my?
2. Whaur' gat ye that young— thing, My— boy— Tam-my?



Whaur hae ye been a' day, My boy Tammie? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Whaur'gat ye that young thing, My boy Tammie? I got her down in yonder howe,



Meadow green an' mountaingrey, Court-in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mammie.
Smiling on a broom-ie knowe, Herd-ing ae wee lamb and ewe, For— her puir mammie.

3. What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammie?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou;
An' preed it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mammie.

4. I held her to my beatin' heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishin' and gear;
Ye've got it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammie.

5. The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
I maunna leave my mammie.
She's gien me meat, she's gien me claes,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought mony waes!
I canna leave mammie.

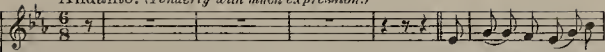
6. We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claes,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gie's her hand, and says,
There! gang and ask my mammie.

7. Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammie?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
An' the tear was in her e'e:
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammie.

THE FOUR MARIES.

Andante. (*Tenderly with much expression.*)

Voice.

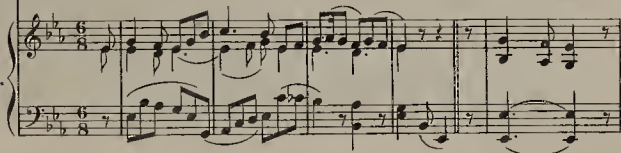


1. Last nicht there were four

2. Oh lit - tle did my

3. They'll tie a nap-kin

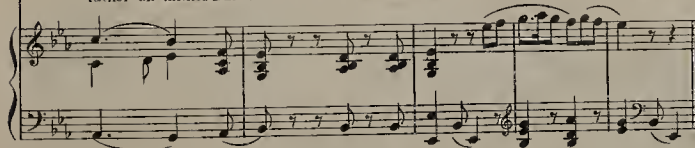
Piano.



Ma - ries, This__ nicht there'll be but three, There was Ma - ry Beaton an'
 mithertink When__ first she__ cradled me, __ That I would dee__ sae
 round my e'en, An' they'll no let me__ see to dee, __ An' they'll ne'er let on to my



Ma - ry Seaton an' Ma - ry Carmichael an' me __
 far__ fraehame, Or hang on a gal - lows tree. __ *Repeat first verse as refrain,*
 father an' mithert But I'm __ a - wa'ger the sea. __ *ad lib.*



4. I wish I could lie in our ain kirk-yard,
 An' eath the auld yew tree, [rowans
 Where we pu'd the gowans, an' thread the
 My brothers, my sisters an' me.


5. But little care I for a nameless grave,
 If I've hope for eternity,
 So I'll pray that the faith o' the deen' thief
 May be granted thro' grace unto me.

CALLER HERRIN!

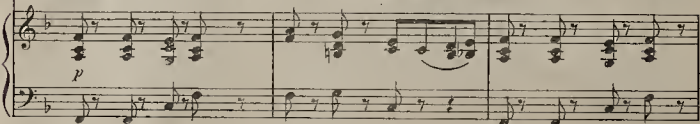
Moderato.


Voice. 

Piano.  *mf*





Whall buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'; Buy my caller her - rin. New

 *p*

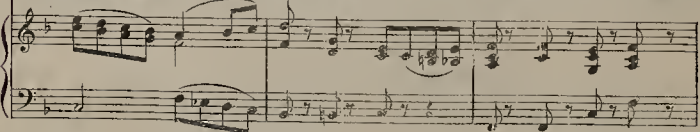


drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleeping on your pillows, Dream ye aught o' our pair fellows,





Darkling as they face the billows, A' to fill our woven willows, Buy my caller her - rin, They're



bonnie fish and halesome farin; Buy my cal-ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Cal-ler

her - rin', Cal-ler her - rin'. An'

colla voce

when the creel o' her-rin' passes, Ladies clad in silk and la-ces, Gather in their braw pe-lis-ses,

Toss their heads and screw their faces; Buy my caller her-rin', They're bonnie fish and halesome farin;

Buy my cal-ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.

Noo nee bor wives, come, tent my tell-in', When the bonnie fish ye're sell-in',

At a word be aye your dealin', Truth will stand when a' things failin', Buy my caller her-rin', They're

bonnie fish and halesome fa-rin', Buy my caller her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll

buy my caller her-rin? They're nobrought therewithout bravedarin', Buy my caller her-rin', Ye

lit-tle kent their worth. Wha'll buy my caller her-rin? O ye may ca' them vulgar far-in',

dim.

Wives and mith-ers maist dis-pair-in', Ca' them lives o' men. Cal-ler

her-rin', Cal-ler her-rin'.

colla voce

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Marcato.

Piano.

Quasi Recit.

1. In win-ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on il-ka hill, And
2. My Crummie is a use-fu' cow, And she has come of a good kin; Aft
3. My cloak wasance a guid greycloak, When it was fit-ting for my wear; But

Bore-as, with his blast sae bauld, Was threat'nin' a' our kye to kill, Then
has she wet the bairns' mou', And I am laith that she should tyne. Get
now its scant-ly worth a goat, For I hae worn'this thret-ty year. Let's

Bell, my wife, wha loes nae strife, She said to me right ha-sti-ly, Get up, guidman, save
up, guidman, it is fu' time, The sunshines in the lift sae hie; Sloth nev-er made a
spend the gear that we hae won, We lit-tle ken the day we'll dee; Then I'll be proud, for

Crummie's life, And tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.
 gracious end, Gae tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.
 I haesworn To hae a new cloak a - bout me.

4. In days when guid King Robert ran,
 His trows they cost but half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat owre dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.
 He was the King that wore the crown,
 And thou'rt a man o' low degree;
 'Tis pride puts a the country down,
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.
5. Ilka land has its ain lauch, (law)
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;
 I think the warld is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin in the asse?
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.
6. Guidman, I wad it's thretty year,
 Sin' we did aye anither ken;
 And we hae had atween us twa,
 O' lads and bonnie lasses ten.
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 And if ye prove a guid husband,
 E'n tak' your auld cloak about ye.
7. Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm guidman.
 Nought's to be gain'd at women's hau
 Unless ye gie them a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Andantino.

Piano. *dolce*

1. Busk ye, — busk ye, my bonnie, bon-nie bride, Busk ye, — busk ye, my
 2. Weep not, — weep not, my bonnie, bon-nie bride, Weep not, — weep not, my
 3. Lang maun she weep, lang, lang, maun she weep, Lang maun she weep wi
 4. Fair was — thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love, In flowery bands thou —

win - some mar - row, Busk ye, — busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride, And
win - some mar - row, Nor let — thy heart la - ment — to — leave, Pu'ing
dile — and sor - row, And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen, Pu'ing
didst him fet - ter, Tho' he — was fair and well-beloved a - gain, Than

think nae mair o' the braes of Yarrow: Where got — ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
the birks on — the braes of Yarrow. Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
the birks on — the braes o' Yarrow: For she has tint her lov-er, lov-er dear,
me he — did not love thee bet-ter. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,

Where got — ye that win - some mar - row? I got — her — where I —
Why does she weep, thy win - some mar - row? And why — daur — ye nae —
Her lov - er dear, the cause o' — sor - row; And I — hae — slain the —
Busk ye then, busk ye, my win - some mar - row, Busk ye, — and loe me on the

dare - na well be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row.
mair — weel be seen, Pu' - ing the birks on the braes of Yar - row?
corn - li - est swain That — e'er pu'd birks on the braes o' Yar - row.
banks — o' the Tweed, And think nae — mair o' the braes o' Yar - row.

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?

125

Piano. *Maestoso.*
mf cresc.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Maestoso' and 'mf cresc.'. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, both in the key of B-flat major.

Wha wad - na fecht for Charlie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na up and ral - ly

The first vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked 'S' for the start. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, both in the key of B-flat major.

At the royal Prince's word? 1. Think on Scotia's ancient heroes, Think on foreign foes re - pell'd,

The second vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked 'S' for the start. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, both in the key of B-flat major.

Think on gle - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u - surp - ers quell'd.

The third vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked 'S' for the start. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, both in the key of B-flat major.

2. Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the North!
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

3. Shall we hasely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

4. See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

5. Now our Prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies,
Let us strike for Prince and laws!
Wha wadna fecht, etc.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

Burns.

Andante cantabile.

Voice.

1. Ye
2. Oft

Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye haunt ye hae I rovd by bonnie Doon, By morning and by evening shine To bear the birds sing

lit - the birds, And I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye o' their loves - As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I'

warbling bird, That war - bles on the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de - stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er'

part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev - er to__ return.
stole the rose, And left the thorn, the thorn wi' me.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Andante moderato.

Voice.

1. Come —
2. 'Tis —
3. Then the

Piano.

all ye jol - ly shep - herds that whis - tle thrø the glen, I'll —
not be - neath the bur - go - net, nor yet be - neath the crown, 'Tis —
eye — shines sæe bright - ly the hale soul so be - guile, There's

tell ye o' a se - cret that cour - tiers din - na ken; What —
not a couch of vel - vet, nor yet on bed of down; 'Tis be -
love in ev - ry whis - per and joy in ev - ry smile; O! —

is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
neath the spreading birch, in the dell with-out a name, Wi' a
wha would choose a crown wi' its per-ils and its fame, And—

woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame.
bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the
miss a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame.

kye come hame, Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

4. See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;
But he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, etc.

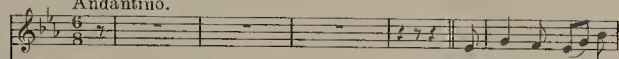
5. Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and libertie!
Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, etc.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

129

Andantino.

Voice.



1. And ye shall walk in
2. The mind whose meanest
3. His mind and manners

Piano.



silk at-tire, and sil-ler hae to spare, Gin ye'll consent to be— my bride, Nor
wish is pure, Fardear-er is to me;— And ere I'm fored to break my faith I'll
wan my heart, He grate-ful took the gift, And did I wish to see it back, It

think on Do - nald mair. Oh, wha wad huy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken
lay me down and dee. For I hae vow'd a vir-gin's vow My lov-er's fate to
wad he waur than theft; For lang-est life can neer re-pay The love he bears to

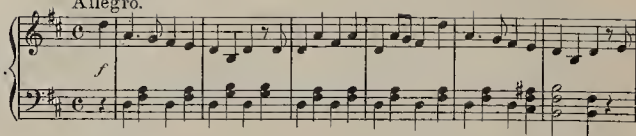
heart? Or wha's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?
share: And he has gi'-en me his heart, And what can man do mair?
me, And ere I'm fored to break my faith I'll lay me down and dee.

DAINTY DAVIE.

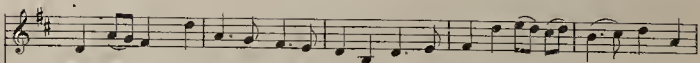
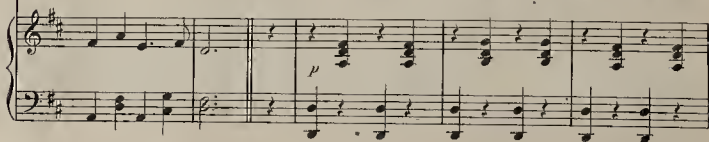
Burns.

Allegro.

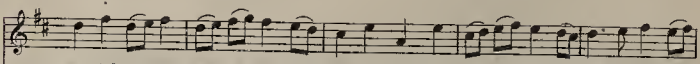
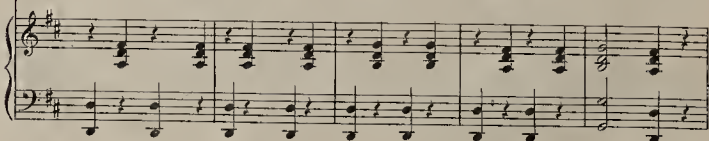
Piano.



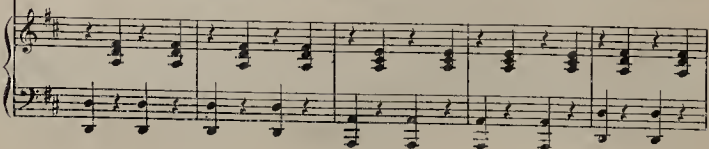
1. Now ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay green
 2. When pur - ple morn-ing starts the hare, To steal up - on her



spreading how'rs. And now come in my hap-py hours, To wan-der wi' my Da - vie. The
 ear-ly fare, Then thro' the dew I will re-pair To meet my faithfu' Da - vie. When



crystal wa-ter gen-tly f'd, The mer-ry birds are lov-ers a', The scented breezes
 day, ex-pir-ing in the west, The curtain draws o' na-ture's rest, I'll flee to his arms



round us blaw, A - wand'ring wi' my Da - vie. Meet me on the war-lock knowe.
I - lo'e best, And that's my dainty Da - vie. Meet me on the war-lock knowe.

The first system of the musical score for 'Dainty Davie'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Dainty Davie, dainty Davie. There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dearest dainty Da - vie.

The second system of the musical score for 'Dainty Davie'. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

BIDE YE YET.

Allegretto.

Voice. 1. Gin I
2. When
3. An'

Piano. *p*

The first system of the musical score for 'Bide Ye Yet'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

had a wee house, and a can-tie wee fire, A bonnie wee wife to praise and admire, A -
I gang a - field, and come hame at e'en I'll get my wee wifefu' neat and fu' clean, And a
if there should hap - pen ev - er to be A difference a-tween my wife an' me, In -

The second system of the musical score for 'Bide Ye Yet'. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

bon-nie wee gar-die be - side a wee burn; Fare-weel to the bo-dies that
 bon-nie wee bar-nie up - on — her knee That will cry Pa - pa or
 hear-ty good hu-mor, al - tho' she be teased, I'll kiss her and clap her un -

yam-mer and mown. }
 Dad-dy to me. } Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, Ye lit-tle ken what may be -
 til she be pleased. }

tide me yet, Some bonnie wee bo-die may fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be cantie wi'

think-in' o't, wi' thinkin' o't, wi' think-in' o't, I'll aye be cantie wi' think-in' o't.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

133

Andantino.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andantino.' and the dynamics include 'Piano.' and 'mf'. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. O — I hae seen great anes and sat in great haws, — 'Mang lords and 'mang la-dies a
 cov-er'd wi' braws; But a sight sae de-lightful I trow I ne'er spied As the
 bon-nie blythe blink o' my ain — fire-side; My ain fire-side, my —
 ain fire-side, O — sweet is the blink o' my ain fire-side.

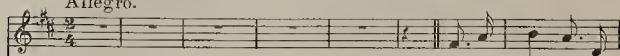
2. Ane mair, heaven be praised! round my ain
 Wi' the friend's o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm
 My ain fireside, etc. (sad.)

3. Nae falsehood to drend, nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
 O' a' roads to happiness ever were tried
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, etc.

THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

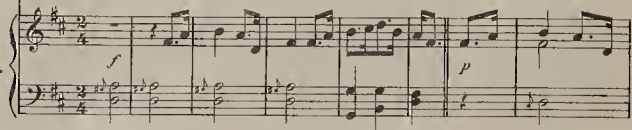
Allegro.

Voice.



1. Let us go, las-sie,
2. I will twine thee a

Piano.



go To the braes of Bal - quid - der, Where the blaë - ber - ries
bowr, By the clear sil - ler foun - tain, And I'll cov - er it

grow 'Mang the bon - nie High - land hea - ther; Where the deer, and the
o'er Wi' the flow - ers o' the mountain; I will range through the

rae, Light - ly bound - ing to - gether, Sport the lang sim - mer day 'Mang the
wilds, And the deep glens sae dreary, And re - turn wi' the spoils To the

animato

braes o' Bal-quhiddy. } Will ye go, lassie, go To the braes o' Bal-
 bower o' my dear-ie. }

quiddy. Where the bla-berryes grow 'Mang the bon-nie bloom-in' hea-ther?

3. When the rude wintry win
 idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night-breeze is swelling;
 Sae merrily we'll sing
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the deer shieling ring
 Wt' the light hilling choros.
 Will ye go, etc.

4. Now the summer is in prime
 Wt' the flowrs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming;
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhiddy.
 Will ye go, etc.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Bu us.

Marcato.

Piano.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur'the

hea - ther grows. Ca' them whaur the burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie.

1. Hark, the ma - vis ev'n - in' sang 'Sound - in' Clu - den's woods a - mang;
2. We'll gae down by Clu - den side, Through the ha - zels spread - ing wide,

Then a fauld - in' let us gang, My hon - nie dear - ie.
O'er the waves that sweet - ly glide To the moon sae clear - ly.

3. Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where, at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
Fairies dance, sae cheerie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

4. Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht o' ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

5. Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie,
Ca' the ewes, etc.

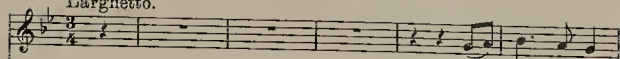
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

137

Burns.

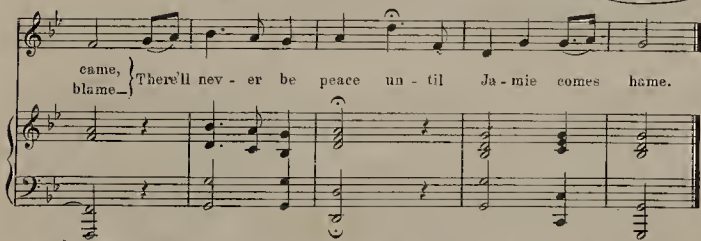
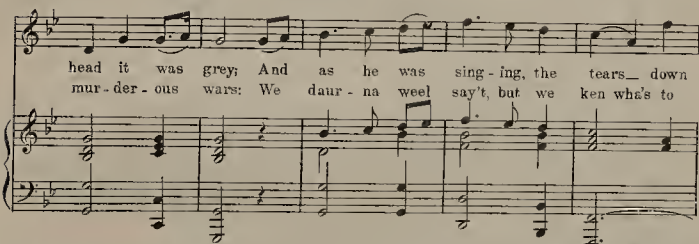
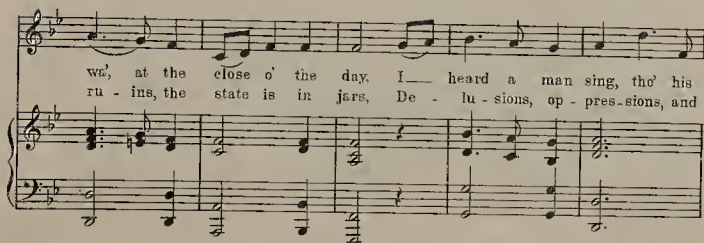
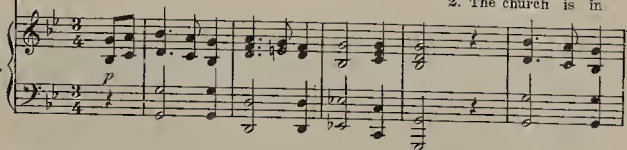
Larghetto.

Voice.



1. By_ yon cas-tle
2. The church is in

Piano.



3. My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, [yird; 4. Now life is a burden that bows me down,
And now I greet round their green beds in the Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame— But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame. There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE.

Burns.

Allegro moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

1. It
2. The

f *giocoso*

was up - on a Lam-mas night When corn rigs are bon - nie, Be -
sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin - ing clear - ly: I

p

neath the moon's un - clouded light, I held a - wa' to An - nie: The
set her down wi' right good-will A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley: I

time flew by wi' tent - less heed Till 'tween the late and ear - ly, Wi'
kent her heart was a - my ain, I loved her most sin - cere - ly: I

sma' per-sua-sion she a - greed To see me through the bar - ley.
kissd her ower and ower a - gain, A - mang the rigs o' har - ley.

Corn_ rigs, and bar - ley rigs, Corn_ rigs are hon - nie, I'll

neer for - get that hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie.

3. I loek'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessing on that happy place
Among the rigs o' Barley.
But, by the moon and stars so bright
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night
Among the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

4. I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,
I hae been happy thinkin';
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Among the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, etc.

MY NANNIE, O.

Burns.

Andante.

Voice.

1. Be -
2. My -

Piano.

hind you hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang moors and moss - es -
Nan-nie's charm-in', sweet, and young; Nae art - fu' wiles to -

ma - ny, O, The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And
win ye, O; May ill be - fa' the flatt'ring tongue That

I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O. The west - lin' wind blows loud and shrill, The
wad be - guile my Nan - nie, O. Her face is fair, her heart is true, She's

night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O, But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal, And
spot - less as she's bon - nie, O, The op - 'nin' gow-an, wat w' dew, Nae

der the hills to Nan - nie, O.
pur - er is than Nan - nie, O.

3. A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But world's gear never troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

4. Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Larghetto.

Piano.

1. Young Ja - mie lo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride, But -
2. He had na been gane a week but on - ly twa, When my

sav - ing a crown he had naething else be-side; To make that crown a pound, my —
fa-ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a-wa; My mith-er she fell sick, and my

Jamie geed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for — me.
Jamie at the sea, And auld Rob-in Gray cam a - court-ing — me.

3. My father couldna work — my mither couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their hread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e;
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"

4. My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
Oh why did I live to say, O wae is me!

5. My father urged me sair — my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

6. I hadna heen a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

7. O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took hut ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish that I were dead, hut I'm no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae is me!

8. I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

Burns.

Allegretto.

Voice.

1. My wife's a winsome
2. O leeze me on my

wee thing, She is a hand-some wee thing, She is a bon-nie wee thing, This
wee thing, My bon-nie, blithe-some wee thing, Sae lang's I hae my wee thing, I'll

sweet wee wife o' mine. I nev-er saw a fair-er, I nev-er loed a
think thy lot di-vine. Tho' the world's care we share o't, And may see mei-kle

dear-er, And neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jew-el tine.—
mair o't, Wi' her I'll blithe-ly bear it, And ne'er a word re-pine.—

ROBIN ADAIR.

Burns.

Andante.

Piano. *espressivo*

1. What's this dall town to me? Ro-bin's not near.
2. What made this - sem - bly shine? Ro - bin A - dair.
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair,

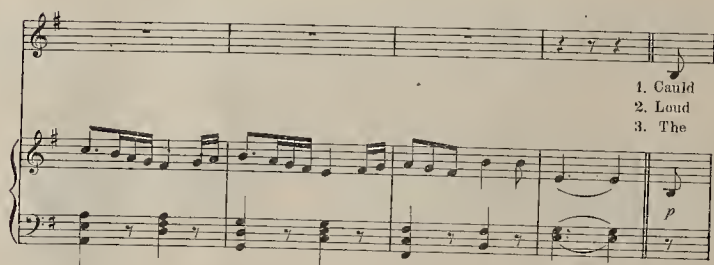
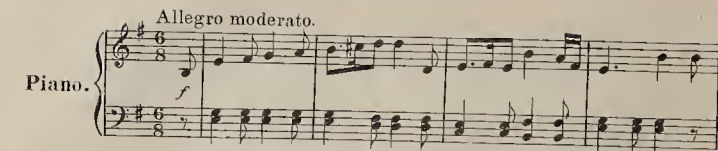
What wast I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth
 What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin was there. What when the play was o'er,
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair. Yet he I lov'd so well

Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was part-ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh, I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.

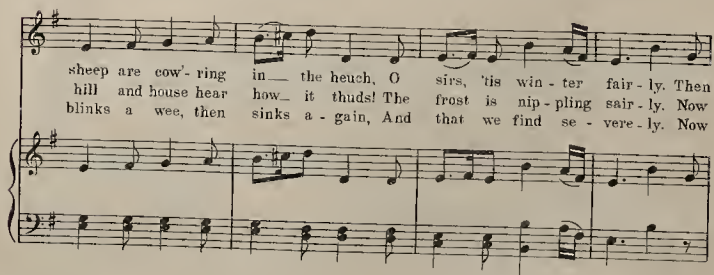
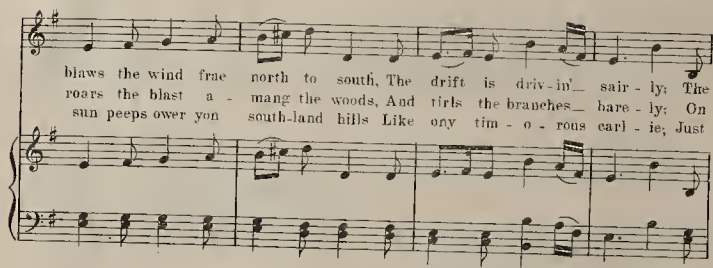
UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.



1. Could
2. Loud
3. The



up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly, I'd
up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly; To
up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly; When

ra - ther gae sup - per - less to my bed Than rise in the morn-ing ear - ly.
sit a' night - wad bet - ter a - gree Than rise in the morn-ing ear - ly.
sna - w - blaws in at the chin - ley - cheek Wad rise in the morn-ing ear - ly?

4. Nae linties lit on hedge or bush,
Poor thiags, they suffer sairly;
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morn-ing's no for me,
Up in the morn-ing early;
A pennyless purse I wad rather dree
Then rise in the morn-ing early.

5. A cosie house and cantie wife
Aye keep a body cheerly;
And pantries stowed wi' meet and drink,
They answer unco rarely.
But up in the morn-ing - na, na, na!
Up in the morn-ing early;
The gowans moun' gient on bank and brae
When I rise in the morn-ing early.

MARY'S DREAM.

Larghetto.

Piano. *p*

1. The moon had clind the high - est hill Which ris - es o'er the source of - Dee, And
2. She from her pil - low gen - tly raised Her head, to ask who there might be, And

from the east - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on tow'r and tree; When
saw young San - dy shivering stand, With vis - age pale, and hol - low e'e. "O,

cresc.

Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San - dy far at sea; When
Ma - ry dear, cold is my clay; It lies be - neath a storm - y sea; Far,

p *cresc.* *a tempo*

soft and low, a voice was heard, Say, Ma - ry, weep no more for me!"
far from thee, I sleep in death, So, Ma - ry, weep no more for me!"

p *colla voce*

3. Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

4. O, maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled;
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said:
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

149

Voice. *Andantino.*

1. Saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she,
2. Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,

Piano. *mf* *p*

Saw ye Johnnie com - in'? Saw ye Johnnie com - in'? quo' she,
Fee him, fa-ther, fee him; Fee him, fa-ther, fee him, quo' she,

Saw ye Johnnie comin'? O, saw ye Johnnie com-in'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin', Wi'
Fee him, father, fee him. For he is a gallant lad, - And a weel' do-in'; And

hishlue bonnet on his head, And his doggie rin-nin'? quo' she, And his doggie rin-nin'
a' the wark a-bout the house Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she, Wi' me when I see him.

3. What will I do wi' him? quo' he,
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nae to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

4. For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;
For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll hand the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Piano. *Allegro.*

1. The
2. Down
3. His

Laird o' Cock - pen — he's proud an' he's great, His
by the dyke - side — a la - dy did dwell, At
wig was weel - pouther-ed, as gude as when new, His

mind is tae'n up w' the things o' the state; He want-ed a wife — his
his tab - le - head — he thoct sh'd look well: M' - Cleish's as dochter a'
waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, — a

braw house to keep, But fa-vour wi' woo-in' was fashious to seek.
Clav-ers'-ha' Lee, A pen-ny-less lass, wi' a lang ped-i-gree.
sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re-fuse—the Laird wi' a' that?

4. He mounted his mare, and he rade cannillie;
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

7. Dumbfounder'd was he—but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare, and he rade cannillie;
An' aften he thoct, as he gaed through the glen,
"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

5. Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower ^{(wine—}
"What the deil brings the Laird here at sic a ^(like time?)
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

8. And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

6. An' when she came ben, he bobbit fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na!"
An' wi' a leigh curtsie she turned awa'.

9. Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the ^{(green}
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at ^{(Cockpen.}

MAGGIE LAUDER.

Allegro.

Piano.

1. Wha wad-na be in love wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder? A pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And

spier'd what was they ca'd her, Right scornfully she answer'd him, "Begone, you hallanshak-er, Jog

on your gate, ye bladderscate, My name is Maggie Lauder."

p *cresc.* *sempre* *ff* *ff*

2. Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

3. Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a' baith far and near,
Hae beard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

4. Then to bis bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done, quo' he: play up, quo' she:
Weel bobbd, quo' Rob the Ranter;
It's worth my while to play indeed,
When I bae sic a dancer.

5. Weel hae you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Sin' we lost Habbie Simson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

153

Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

1. What's a' the steer, kimmer.
2. I'm right glad to hear, kimmer.

What's a' the steer? Charlie he is land - ed, And haith he'll soon be here; The
I'm right glad to hear; I hae a gude bruidel ay more, And for his sake I'll wear; Sin'

win' was at his back, Carle, The win' was at his back, I care-na, sin' he's come, Carle, We
Char-lie he is land-ed, We ha'e nae mair to fear; Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer, We'll

were na worth a pick.
hae a jub-lee year.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Burns.

Voice. *Lento.*
 1. Ye—
 2. How—

Piano. *p*

banks, and braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle o' Mont -
 sweet - ly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the haw - thorn's

pp

go - me - ry, Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your
 blos - som, As un - der - neath their fra - grant shade I—

wa - ters nev - er drum - lie! There sim - mer first un - folds her robes, And
 clasp'd her to my bo - som! The gold - en - hours, on an - gel wings, Flew

mf

there they lang-est tar - ry, For, there I took the last - farewell, O'er
 o'er me and my dear - ie; For dear to me as light and life Was

my sweet High-land Ma-ry.
 my sweet High-land Ma-ry.

dim.

3. Wi' mcnay a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder:
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

4. O pale, pale now those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lov'd me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

CAM' YE BY ATHOL.

Allegro.

Voice. $\frac{6}{8}$

1. Cam' ye by A - thol,

Piano. $\frac{6}{8}$

f *p*

lad wi' the phi-la-beg, Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Gar - ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their

bonnets an' white cockades Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie? Follow thee, follow thee,

wha wad-na fol-low thee? Langhast thou led and trust-ed us fair-ly! Char-lie, Char-lie,

wha wad-na follow thee? King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

2. I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

3. I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie,
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

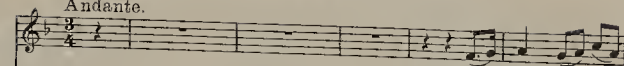
4. Down thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, etc.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

157

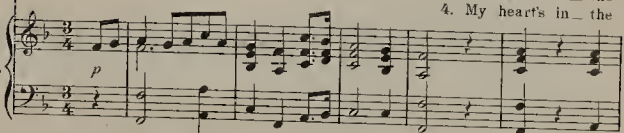
Andante.

Voice.

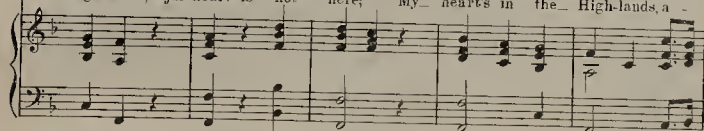


1. My heart's in the
2. Fare-well to the
3. Fare-well to the
4. My heart's in the

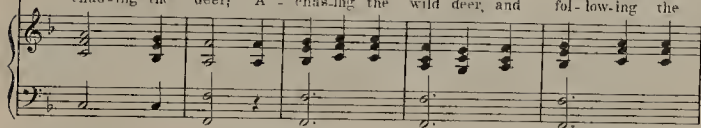
Piano.



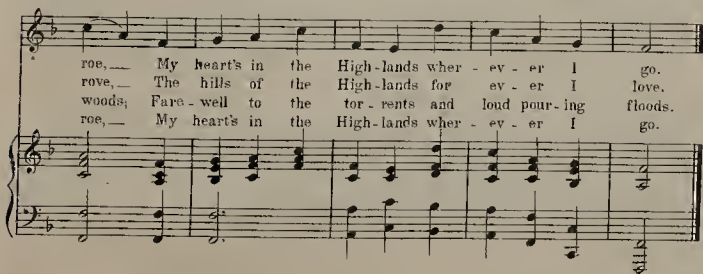
High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the High-lands, a -
 High-lands, fare-well to the north, The birth-place of val-our, the
 moun-tains high cov-ered wi' snow; Fare-well to the straths and green
 High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the High-lands, a -



chas-ing the deer; A - chas-ing the wild deer, and fol-low-ing the
 coun-try of worth; Wher - ev - er I wan-der, wher - ev - er I
 val-leys be - low; Fare - well to the for - ests and wild hang-ing
 chas-ing the deer; A - chas-ing the wild deer, and fol-low-ing the



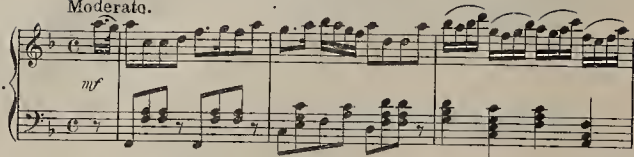
roe, — My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go.
 rove, — The hills of the High-lands for ev - er I love.
 woods; Fare-well to the tor-rents and loud pour-ing floods.
 roe, — My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go.



MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

*Burns.**Moderato.*

Piano.



1. When o'er the hill the eastern star Tells bughtin' time is near, my jo; And
 2. In mirk-est glen, at midnight hour, I'd rove and neer be ee-rie, O; If—
 3. The hun-ter lés the morning sun, To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; At—

 The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

ow - sen frae the fur- row'd field Re - turn sae dowf and wea - ry, O; Down
 through that glen I gaed to thee, My ain - kind - dear - ie, O! Al -
 noon the fish - er seeks the glen. A - long the burn to - steer, my jo; Gie

 The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its rhythmic accompaniment.

by - the burn where scent - ed birks Wi' dew are hang - ing clear, my jo; I'll
 though the night were neer sae wild, And I - were neer sae wea - ry, O, I'd
 me the hour o' gloam - in' - gray, It maks my heart sae cheer - ie, O, To

 The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment on this page. The piano part ends with a final chord.

meet thee on the lea - rig, My ain kind dear - ie, O!
 meet thee on the lea - rig, My ain kind dear - ie, O!
 meet thee on the lea - rig, My ain kind dear - ie, O!

BONNIE JEAN.

Burns.

Andante.

Piano. *mf*

1. There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk or mar-ket
 2. But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the lit-tle

to be seen; When a' the fair-est maids were met The
 lint-whites nest; And frost will blight the fair-est flower, And

fair - est maid was bon - nie Jeannie. And aye she wrought her
love will break the sound - est rest. Young Robie was the

man - mie's work, And aye she sang sae mer - ri - lie; The
braw - est lad, The flower and pride of a' the glen; And

biy - est bird up - on the bush Had neer a light - er heart than she.
he had ow - sen, sheep and kye, And wan - ton nog - gies nine or ten.

3. He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As, in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

4. And now she works her maminie's work,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

5. The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
"O, Jeanie fair, I loe thee dear!
O, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy maminie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

6. "At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

161

Voice. *Allegro moderato.*

I'm owre young, I'm

Piano.

owre young, I'm owre young to marry yet; I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin To

tak' me frae my mammi yet. 1. I am my mammi's ae bairn, Nor of my hame a an
 2. For I hae had my ain way, Naue dare to con-tra-
 3. Fu' loud and shrill the frest-y wind Blaws thro' the leaf-less

wea-ry yet; And I wad hae ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar-ry yet. For I'm
 dict me yet; Sae soon to say I wad o-bey, In truth, I dare-na venture yet. For I'm
 timmer, sir; But if ye come this gate a-gain, I'll auld-er be gin simmer, sir; For I'm

GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Voice. *Moderato.*

1. Good-
2. When

Piano.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a common time signature. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line.

night, and joy be wi' ye a'. Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart; May
on yon muir our gal-lant clan Frae boast-ing foes their ban-ners tore, Who

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

life's fell blasts out - o'er ye blaw! In sor - row may ye nev - er part! My
show'd him-sel' a bet - ter man. Or fierce-er wav'd the red claymore? But

The third system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

spi - rit lives, but strength is gone, The moun - tain-fires now blaze in vain; Re-
when in peace then mark me there, When thro' the glen the wanderer came, I

The fourth system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

mem-ber, sons, the deeds I've done, And in your deeds I'll live a - gain!
gave him of our hard-y- fare, I gave him here a wel-come home.

3. The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be canty, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,
Anither's ay hae heart to feel;
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine,
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.

4. This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
Ther's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes, wishes me away.
What I have done thro' lack o' wit,
I never, never can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

Moderato.

Voice.

1. The
2. Should

Piano.

last time I came o'er the muir, I left my love be - hind me; Ye -
I be - call'd where can - nons roar, Where mor - tal steel may wound me, Or -

pow'rs, what pain do I — en - dure When soft i - de - as mind me! Soon
cast up - on some for - eign shore, Where dan - gers may sur - round me; Yet —

as — the rud - dy morn dis - play'd The beam - ing day — en - su - ing, I
hopes a - gain to see my love, Un - alt - er'd, true, — and ten - der, Shall

met — be - times my love - ly maid In fit - re - treats for woo - ing.
make my care at dis - tance move, Where - e'er I'm doom'd to wan - der.

3. In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Soner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

4. The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and true,
To her I left behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being doth remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE BONNIE BRIER-BUSH.

165

Andante moderato.

Piano. *mf*

1. There grows a bon-nie brier-hush in our kail-yard, And —

p

white are the blossoms ont in our kail-yard, Like wee bit white cock-ades for our


loy-al Hie-land lads; And the lasses loe the bon-nie bush in our kail yard.


- 2 But were they a true that were far awa?
Oh! were they a true that were far awa? [ha]
They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle
And forgot auld friends when far awa.
3. Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been,
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green;
Ye lo'd owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
And forgot the Hie-land hills that were far awa.


4. He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee,
He's a bennie Hie-land laddie, and you be na he.


MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

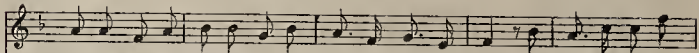
Allegretto.


Voice.  1. As


Piano. 

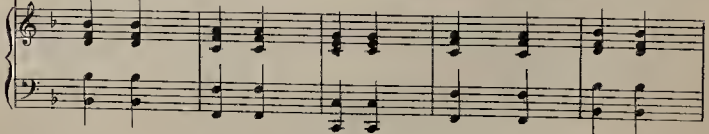
 I came down the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate, the Can-on-gate, As



 I came down the Can-on-gate I heard a las-sie sing. Oh mer-ry may the



 keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The



ship that my love's in. Oh merry may the keel row, The keel row, the

keel row, Oh mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

2. He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
A snaw-white rose upon it,
A dimple in his chin;

And merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And merry may the keel row
The ship that my love's in.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. Com-in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bon-nie bloom-in' heather,

There I met a bon-nie las-sie, Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gith-er,

O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther, O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther,

There I met a hon-nie las-sie, Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gith-er.

2. Says I, my dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me wither?
Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

3. We sat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Among the bonnie bloomin' heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

4. While thus we sat she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And aye the burden o' the sang
Was—O'er the muir among the heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

5. She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on ony ither,
By sea and sky, she shall be mine!
The honnie lass among the heather.
O'er the muir, etc.

LEWIE GORDON.

169

Allegretto.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

1. O send Lew-ie Gor-don hame, And the lad I daurna name,

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are '1. O send Lew-ie Gor-don hame, And the lad I daurna name,'. The music is in B-flat major and common time.

Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'. O - hon! my Highlandman!

The second system continues the song with the lyrics 'Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'. O - hon! my Highlandman!'. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue with the same melodic and harmonic patterns.

O! my honnie Highlandman! Weel wad I my true love ken A-mang tent thousand Highlandmen.

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics 'O! my honnie Highlandman! Weel wad I my true love ken A-mang tent thousand Highlandmen.' The music ends with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.

2. Oh, to see his tarten trews,
Bonnet blue, and high-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee—
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

3. Princely youth of whom I sing,
Thou wert born to be a king;
On thy breast a regal star
Shines on loyal hearts afar,
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc.

4. Oh, to see this wished-for one
Seated on a kingly throne:
All our griefs would disappear,
We should hail a joyful year.
Ohon! my Highlandman, etc

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Andante.

Voice.

1. The sun has ganedown o'er the
 2. She's mo-dest as o - ny, and
 3. How lost were my days till I

Piano.

p dolce

p

lof - ty Ben - Lomond, And left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene; While
 blythe as she's bon-nie, For guile-less sim-ple - ci - ty marks her its ain; And
 met wi' my Jes-sie! The sports o' the ci - ty seem'd foo - lish and vain; I —

lane-ly I stray in the calm simmer gloam-in, To muse on sweet Jes-sie, the
 far be the vil-lain, di-vest - ed of feel-ing, Whad blight in its bloom, the sweet
 neersaw a nymph I would ca' my dear las-sie, Till charmd wi' sweet Jes-sie, the

flower of Dumblane. How sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing blossom, And
 flower of Dumblane. Sing on, thou sweet ma-vis, thy hymn to the e'en-in', Thou'r
 flower of Dumblane. Tho' mine were the station o' lof - ti - est grandeur, A -

sweet is the birk wi' its man-tle o' green; But sweet-er and fair-er, and
 dear to the e-choes o' Cal-der-wood glen; Sae dear to this bo-som, sae
 midet its pro-fu-sion I'd languish in pain, And reck-on as naething the

dear to this bo-som, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, Is—
 art-less and win-ning, Is charming young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, Is—
 height o' its splendour, If want-ingsweet Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane, If—

love-ly young Jessie, Is— love-ly young Jes-sie, Is love-ly young Jes-sie, the
 charming young Jessie, Is charming young Jes-sie, Is charming young Jes-sie, the
 want-ingsweet Jessie, If want-ingsweet Jes-sie, If want-ing sweet Jes-sie, the

flower of Dum-blane.
 flower of Dum-blane.
 flower of Dum-blane.

p

AND OH! FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Burns.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'.

1. And oh! for ane-and - twenty, Tam, And hey! for ane-and-

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.

twenty, Tam! I'll learn my kin a rat-tin'sang, Gin I saw ane-and - twenty, Tam! They

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the bottom staff. The piano part maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

snool me sair and hard me down, And gar me look like blun-tie, Tam! But

The third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the bottom staff. The piano part maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems.

threesort years will soon wheel roun', An' then comes ane-and - twen - ty, Tam!

2. A gleib o' lan', a clant o' gear,
 Were left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I needna speir,
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
 And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, etc.

3. They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
 But hearst thou, laddie? there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
 And oh! for ane-and-twenty, Tam, etc.

THE PIPER OF DUNDEE.

Allegro.

Piano.

1. The pi - per came to our town, To our town, to our town, The

pi - per came to our town, And he play'd bon - nie - lie, He

play'd a spring, the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas; And

then he gae his bags a wheeze, And play'd an - i - ther key. And

was-na be a ro - guy, A ro - guy, a ro - guy, And was-na he a ro - guy, The

pi - per o' Dundee?

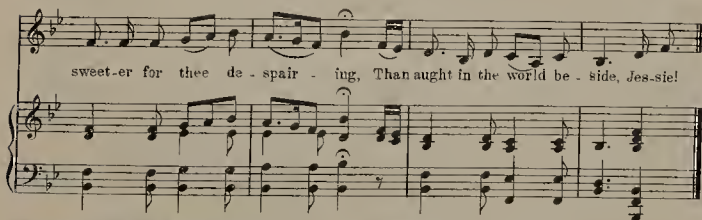
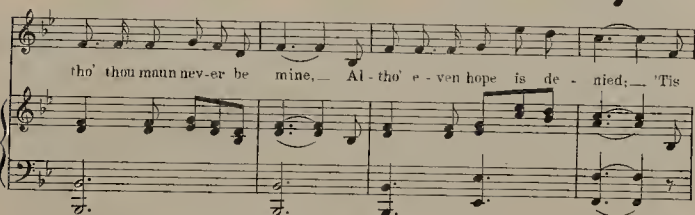
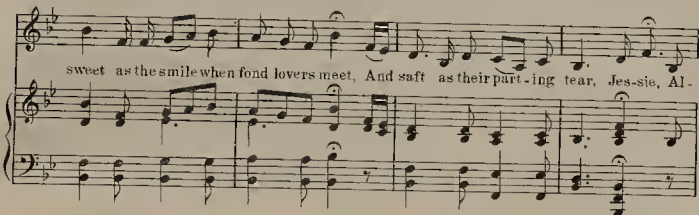
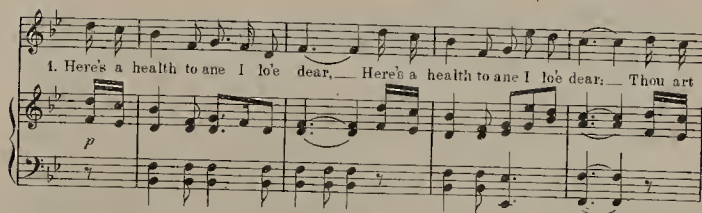
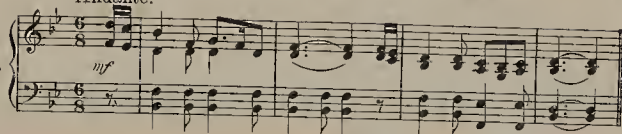
2. He play'd "The Welcome owre the Main,"
 And "Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain"
 And "Auld Stuart's back again,"
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.
 He play'd "The Kirk," he play'd "The Queer,"
 "The Mulin Dhu" and "Chevalier,"
 And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
 Sae sweet, sae bonnie,
 And wasna, etc.

3. It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
 And some were dancing mad their lane,
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
 That night at Amulrie.
 There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
 And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
 And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
 The piper o' Dundee.
 And wasna, etc.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

Andante.

Piano.



2. I morn through the gay gaudy day,
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber.
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling ee; —
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree? — Jessie!

O, DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

Voice. *Andantino.*

Piano. *dolce*

1. O, din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,

I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; I'll

tak' a stick in - to my hand, and come a-gain and see you. Far's the gate ye hae to gang,

dark'athenight an' ee - rie! Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie:

Owre the muir and thro' the glen ghaists mayhap will fear ye; O, stay at hame, it's late at night, an'

din - na gang an' leave me.

2. It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 When the sun gaes west the lurch I'll come again an' see thee.
 O, dinna think, etc.

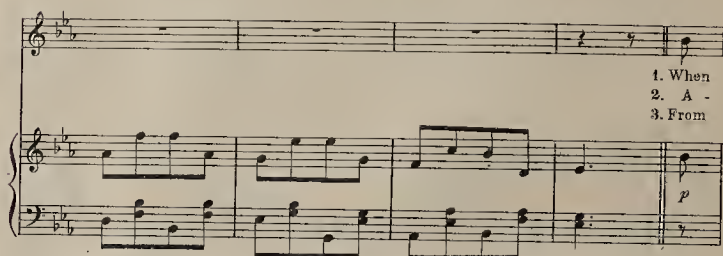
3. Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreary;
 An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.
 O, dinna think, etc.

4. O, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 For let the world gas as it will, I'll come again and see you.
 O, dinna think, etc.

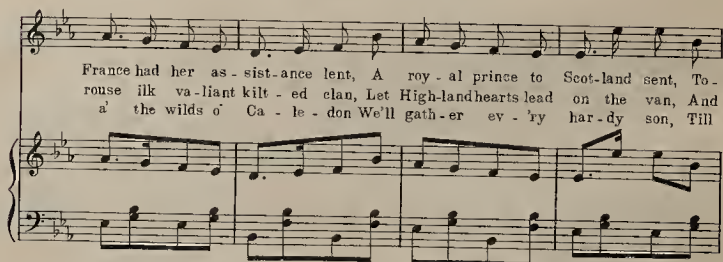
WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

Allegro.

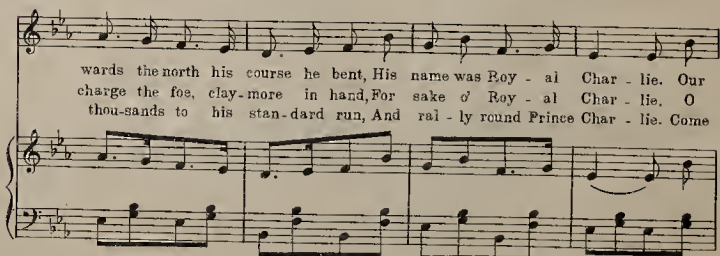
Piano.



1. When
2. A -
3. From



France had her as-sist-ance lent, A roy-al prince to Scot-land sent, To-
rouse ilk va-liant kilt-ed clan, Let High-land hearts lead on the van, And
a' the wilds o' Ca-le-don We'll gath-er ev-'ry har-dy son, Till



wards the north his course he bent, His name was Roy-al Char-lie. Our
charge the fos-say-mo-re in hand, For sake o' Roy-al Char-lie. O
thou-sands to his stan-dard run, And ral-ly round Prince Char-lie. Come

gal-lant Scot-tish princee was clad Wi' bon-net blue and tar-tan plaid, An'
wel-come, Char-lie, o'er the main, Our Highland hills are a' your ain, Thrice
let the flow-ing quaich go round, And bold-ly bid the pi-broch sound. Till

oh, he was a hand-some lad, Few could compare wi' Char-lie.
wel-come to our iste a-gain, Our gal-lant Roy-al Char-lie. An'
ev-ry glen and rock re-sound The name o' Roy-al Char-lie.

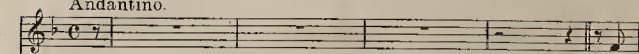
oh, but ye've been lang o' com-in' Lang, lang, lang o' com-in'

Oh, but ye've been lang o' com-in'. Wel-come Roy-al Char-lie.

THE LOWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

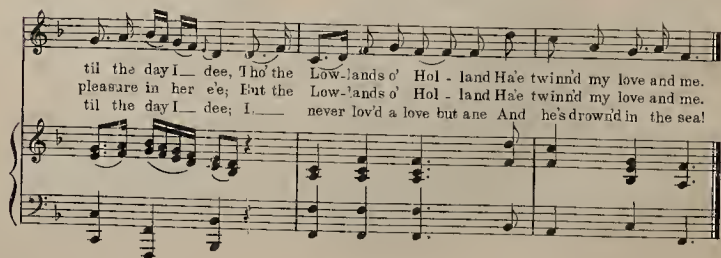
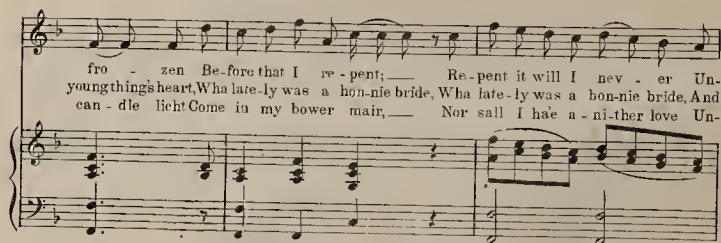
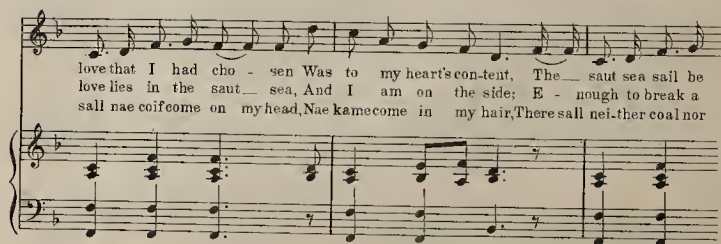
Andantino.

Voice.



1. The
2. My
3. There

Piano.



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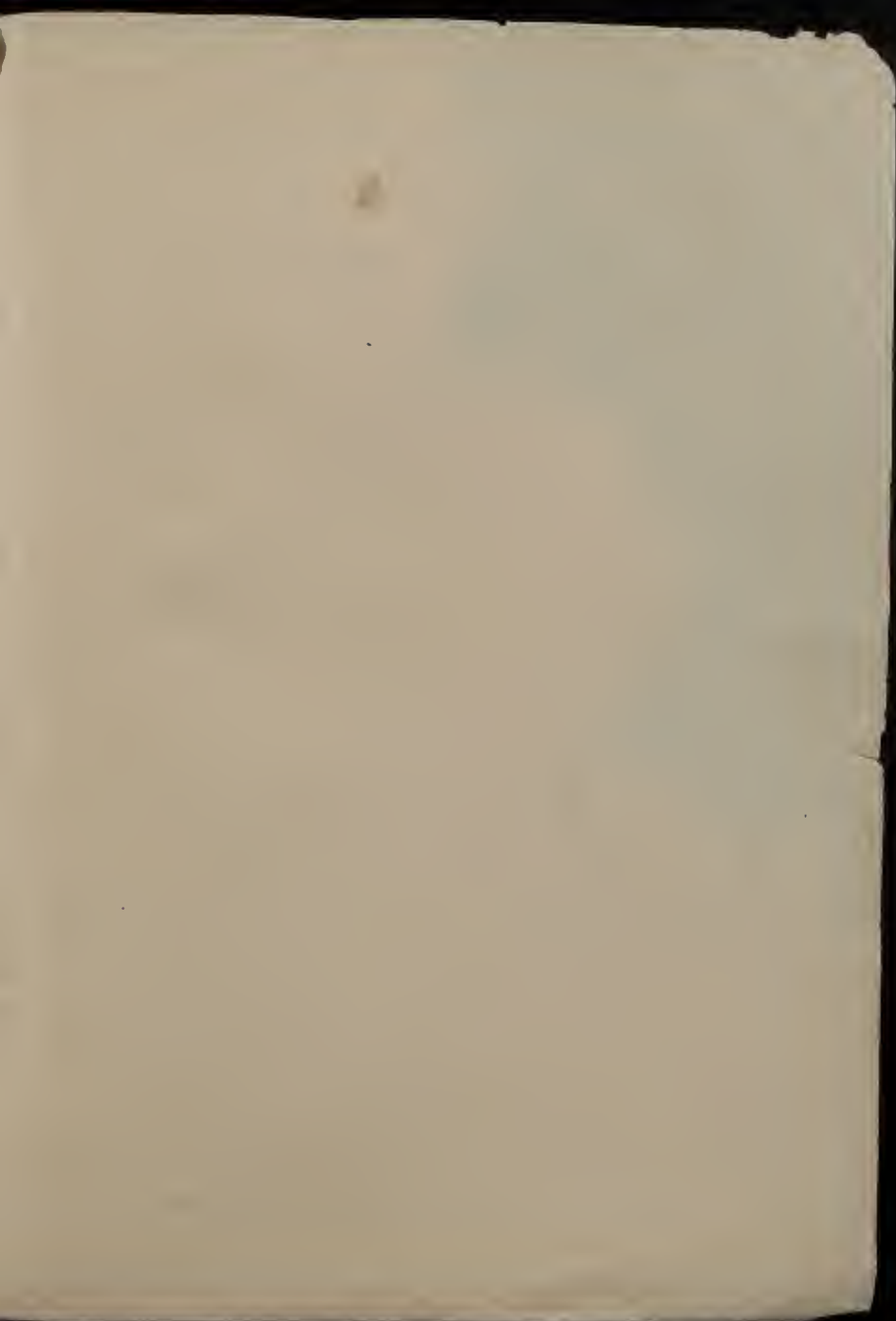
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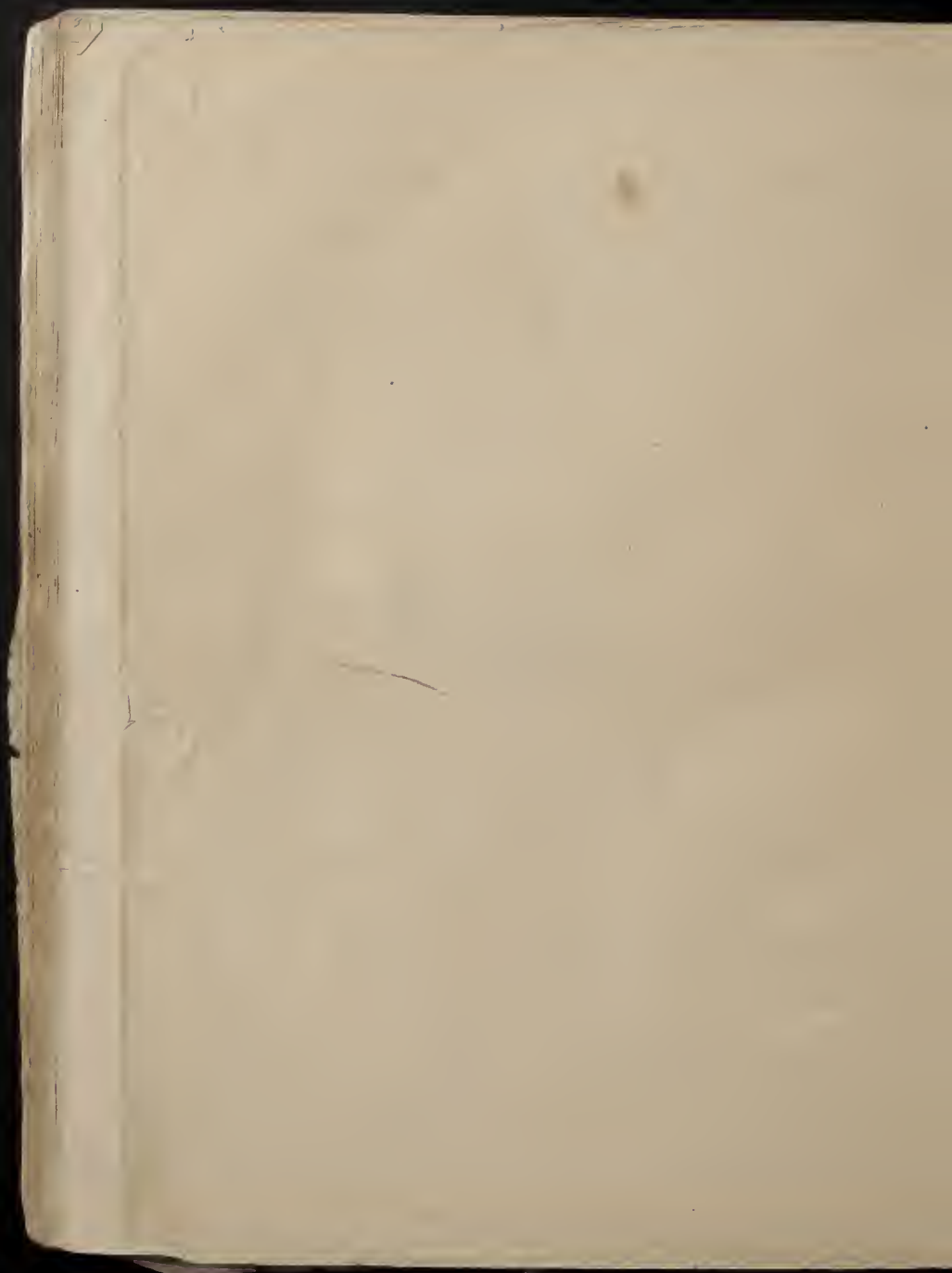
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